



THE SAME OLD GAME



The "Autocrat"—A Superb Car Perfected

The Autocrat of 1911 was admittedly—and is to-day—a leader among four-cylinder cars, regardless of price. Its superb riding qualities and long distance touring ability; its beauty of design, strength, speed and absence of vibration made this car the most successful Oldsmobile of recent years and gave a real significance to the phrase, "Autocrat of the Road."

This is the car which the makers have sought to perfect. It goes without saying that changes have not been very radical. The basic principles of a long-stroke, easy running motor, with surplus power; large wheels and tires; comfort-giving body suspension; finest finish and upholstery are all retained. The practised eye will see refinement of detail in the body, such as the hooded dash and fore-door ventilators; increased luxury of equipment and mechanical changes which add to the value and convenience of the chassis and place it still farther ahead of the average types.

The price, including a list of accessories not equalled for completeness and quality, remains the same, \$3500 for a complete car.

Engine and Chassis

Long stroke, T head Motor: 5 in. bore, 6 in. stroke. Compression release for easy starting. 4-speed transmission with unusually quiet gears. 38 by 4½ inch Tires. Demountable Rims. ¾ elliptic rear springs and shock absorber equipment. Improved system of lubrication.

Body and Equipment

Seven passenger touring, Tourabout, Roadster and Limousine bodies. Ventilators in fore-doors, an exclusive Oldsmobile feature. Nickel and black enamel finish on metal parts. Regular equipment includes top and slip cover; windshield, speedometer, electric and oil side and rear lamps of new design; tire irons, etc., all of the finest quality.

The six-cylinder "Limited" is presented with similar improvements and refinements at no increase in price: \$5000 for the seven-passenger touring car completely equipped.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Locomobile



THE 1912 SIX CYLINDER LOCOMOBILE
FIVE PASSENGER TORPEDO MODEL

The 1912 Locomobile "Six" splendidly upholds the reputation of our product for being THE BEST BUILT CAR IN AMERICA. With its ten inch upholstery and other exclusive comfort-giving features, it is likewise "THE MOST COMFORTABLE CAR IN AMERICA"

New York,
Boston,
Philadelphia,

The Locomobile Company
of America
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Chicago,
Washington,
San Francisco





Colored Pictures in Life

We've been thinking about a very important thing for some time. We make a rule never to do much thinking without getting results. We believe this time we have results that will send a large ripple of pleasure and mental and æsthetic satisfaction over the known borders of the world. In its first issue in October, LIFE will begin the first of a series of colored pictures and publish a colored center-page drawing for the first time in its history. It marks a new era. We love to mark new eras in this office. Whenever we haven't anything better to do, we take an era down from the closet and mark it new. More next week.

*If you are not
a regular subscriber,
you can get
LIFE
at any news-stand
for ten cents.
Tuesday noon,
everywhere.*

Naturally

Under these alluring circumstances, you cannot afford just now to miss any number of LIFE that comes out. Every week means something new. Meanwhile, it is absolutely necessary for you to subscribe. Family, friends, home, country, are as nothing compared with this imperative duty. Before beginning a year's subscription at five dollars, you may, if you prefer, send one dollar for a three months' trial subscription by filling in attached coupon and sending us the money.

Enclosed
find One
Dollar (Can-
adian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for
three months.

Subscription, \$5.00
Canadian, \$5.52
Foreign, \$6.04

Open only to new subscribers; no subscrip-
tion renewed at this rate. This offer is net.

Life, 17 West 31, N. Y. City

"Djer-Kiss"

PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

Les mondaines tant de Paris
que de New York chantent
les louanges du parfum Djer-
Kiss. —Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "Gentlewomen of both Paris
and New York sing the praises of Djer-Kiss
perfume."

Extract, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder
At all dealers. Send 6c. for Sample of Extract.
Alfred H. Smith Co., 41 West 33d St., New York

Cupid Exposed

We've heard, you know, that Cupid's
bow

Caused men and maids to marry;
His winged shaft would drive one daft,
'Twas useless to be wary.

This pretty tale is but a veil
That Cupid has quite handy
To keep each scout from finding out
His *modus operandi*.

He cries, "Dost spy the arrow fly?"
And not a moment later
He springs the thing that brings the
ring—
That prestidigitator!

Yea, verily, *propinquity*
Is all there is about it.
A day, an hour, and love's in flower:
Real sentiment? I doubt it.

Oh, swiftly loose that fatal noose,
Propinquity's dread halter!
For when it's on, you're surely gone—
The next thing is the altar.

Ivy Kellerman.

ON behalf of the
leading custom
tailors of the United
States we invite you
to view their show-
ing of Willis wool-
ens for Fall and
Winter, 1911-1912.

W.P. WILLIS & CO
NEW YORK
IMPORTERS



Imported fabrics bearing the Willis mark are to be had only
of Custom Tailors—Never in Ready-made Clothing.

ORIGINAL PLANT 1902

RIM AND TIRE PLANT

The demand
for Firestone Tires and Rims has
grown phenomenally, and

The facilities
for taking care of this unprecedented
growth have expanded proportion-
ately until today we are operating
the largest exclusive tire manufac-
tory in America—but

The policy
has not been changed. It is the
same today as it was when we start-
ed, a few years ago, in the dimin-
utive plant shown above—"the best
irrespective of cost—the most miles
per dollar."

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
AKRON, OHIO
Branches, Agencies and Dealers Everywhere

NEW PLANT—CONTAINS THE LARGEST TIRE BUILDING IN THE WORLD

Is There No Hope?

Under the title "An Englishman in America," a writer in the London *New Age* offers the following pertinent remarks. The thought is not wholly new, but is worth pondering. After commenting on the heralded "Passing of the Idle Rich," he says:

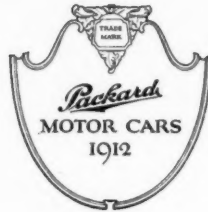
The wonder is that the American people put up with the plebeian vulgarity of the Plutocrat as long as they did. The dense illiteracy of the typical American Plutocrat is a notorious fact. Then why was he worshipped as something more than common clay? This is a mystery. Anyhow, the sim-

ple fact that he was worshipped by the vast majority of the people, and that he is even now regarded with envious eyes by thousands, is enough to prove that the thing called Democracy has not existed in America since Lincoln's day. It is hollow mockery for Americans to use the word except in allusion to the past.

But come, old chap! How about the future? How about the future? Is there no hope—no hope at all?

THE more questions a woman asks
the fewer answers she remembers.

—Wasp.



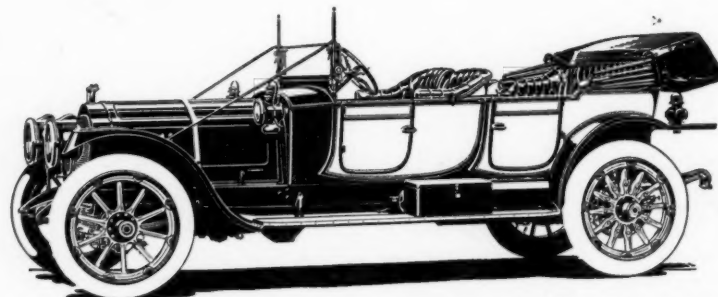
THE Packard is the prevailing car at every touring center because it is a being of fibre and sinew. To such qualities has been added the unusual touch of elegance that gives the Packard its distinction in the motor car parade

According to the registrations published in the Paris edition of the New York Herald, 53 per cent of all the cars driven by American tourists in Europe, from April 1 to July 1, were Packards and there were over three times as many Packards as cars of any other make.

Since 1907 the management of the Hotel Elton (Waterbury, Conn.) has kept a register for the use of touring automobilists. Every tourist is registered who has stopped there in the last four years. It is interesting to note that the three leading cars represented have stood in the same ratio for the last four years.—*New York Herald*.

The registrations at the Elton, as published in the New York Herald, show that among sixty-six makes 14 per cent of all cars were Packards and that there were nearly twice as many Packards as cars of any other make.

A s k t h e m a n w h o o w n s o n e
Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan



The 1912 Packard "Six" Phaeton



L I F E

On Humbugs



THIS would undoubtedly be one of the largest numbers of LIFE ever issued if wealth of material were considered. It has remained for us only to be judiciously discriminating.

Humbugs may be divided into various classes. Of these the sincere humbug is by no means the least. It is one-half the battle to believe in one's self. This the sincere humbug does. Not only does he believe in himself, but he experiences a continued and progressive feeling of satisfaction at the good he is doing in the world. When at times he feels that he is misunderstood—that his work, instead of being estimated at its real value, is unjustly criticised—he accepts his yoke with martyr-like resignation.

The other extreme is the humbug who knows that he is a humbug, and glories in it. To him humbuggery is a lawful profession; his motto is "The fools are not all dead yet," and every victim that he adds to his list only confirms his opinion of his own superiority.

But between these two extremes lie every variety of humbug. The only class who are exempt are the children, for it takes experience to become a humbug and one has to grow to it.

In dedicating this number of LIFE to the humbug, therefore, we are as broad in our scope as human nature is. No occupation is exempt.

Except, of course, clergymen and politicians.

No one would think of referring to these two classes as humbugs.

Pests!

RANDALL: What do you have to contend with when down at your country place?

ROGERS: Mosquitoes, potato-bugs, the neighbor's chickens and our friends.

A HINT to young grafters—If you must steal, steal from the public. The public can—and will—stand it.

Revised

(With apologies)

AH, love, could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of Trusts entire,
Would we not shatter them to bits, and then
Remould them nearer to the heart's desire?



Customer: "IT'S LIKE DIS, MISTAH. WHEN AH PASSES DE COLLECTION PLATE IN CH'CH AH WEARS A PRINCE ALBERT COAT AN' A FULL DRESS VEST, AN AH WANTS A PAIR OB SQUEAKY SHOES TO GO WIF 'EM."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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MR. CLARENCE DARROW explains, in the September *American Magazine*, "Why

Men Fight for the Closed Shop."

"The most vital issue of trades unionism," says Mr. Darrow, "is the closed shop, and it is around this issue that capital and labor have gradually closed in." He goes on to say why this is so, and expounds how the whole tendency of the day is toward co-operation, that the workman has no chance as an individual against the great companies that employ him, that the proposal to limit aggregations of capital is utterly futile and mistaken, that the conditions of present business constrain employers to get their labor as cheaply as they can, pressing them constantly to reduce the cost of it, and that the only effective resistance that the workingman can offer to this pressure is trades unionism. To prevent trades unionism from being conquered in detail, to gain the benefits it seeks, and keep its members from being thrown out through the open door, there is this perpetual fight for the closed shop, which will continue, Mr. Darrow thinks, until the closed shop shall "become the open shop to the brotherhood of man."

No doubt the fight will go on, and doubtless it will be one of the forces that will shape the future, but it is the kind of a fight that can never be won, and in which complete victory would be immediately fatal to the victor. For the moment the closed shop became universal it would either break down of its own weight or be destroyed by the revolt of society against its inevitable tyrannies and exactions.

It would be too much power for man to handle. Trades unionism must be. It is right, it is necessary, and it is entitled to fight for its own. But it cannot be more than a party in the field of labor. It cannot be the whole field any more than the Roman Catholic Church can be the only church, or the Republican party the only party in American politics. Its own safety and its own health demands an opposition, and is sure to get it.

Mr. Darrow seems not to recognize that, though if he does, it was no part of his present argument to say so. He has set himself to the task of defending men charged with promoting the prevalence of the closed shop by murder and destruction by dynamite. We sympathize with him in having shouldered so great a task, but the closed shop, like other institutions, will be known by its fruits, and where its fruits are dynamite and murder, it will be promptly damned. It will grow by good works, but surely it can never win by terrorism.

Trades unionists tell us, as Mr. Darrow does, that before there were trades unions women hauled coal cars on all fours in mines. No doubt, but it is a mistake to attribute, as he does, all the improvement in labor conditions since then to trades unions. They are ready to claim it all, just as the suffragists are prone to claim as due to the woman suffragists every law passed or path opened to the advantage of women in the last sixty years. But trades unions are only one detail of the process that has removed women from coal cars in mines, and is always at work to improve the conditions of labor. Trades unions are the blossoms on the tree, but what is doing the business and making the fruit is the sap that runs up the tree's trunk out of the soil of modern civilization. If the trades unions failed, the uplifting of labor would have to go on by other means; if all the suffragettes broke down in the nerves and went permanently to bed, the enlargement of the liberties and privileges of women would go on much the same. Organization and agitation in these matters are only processes. The causes lie far beneath them, in universal education, democratic government and the spread of the senti-

ment steadily growing, and directed with an intelligence that constantly increases, that every man is his brother's keeper and shares responsibility for his fate.



NEWS is a funny thing. We read on the front page of the issue for August 24 of that important paper, the *New York Times*, a four-story headline, which begins: "Upton Sinclair Says Wife Has Left Him," and goes on to give some particulars of his deposition about it. There were five such heads on the page, and on the whole, this one about Upton was more interesting than the "Fear That France Is Very Near War," or those about the "Auto's Plunge," the "Gates' Estate," or "Atwood the Flying Man." Not but what Atwood's performance is very interesting, and not but that if we really believed that France was near war, that would be news of huge importance, and not but that the size and destiny of the Gates estate interests lots of people, and not but that an automobile's plunge and the resulting fatalities would bring a thrill if it did not happen every day.

As for Upton's domestic sorrows, we regret them. We regret all domestic sorrows, and wish that every husband had the gift of keeping his wife and all his children harmonious and happy. But it seems suitable to point out that our friends who are in the business of reforming society do not seem to have this gift in greater perfection than other people. As far as casual and incomplete observation goes, we do not notice that the leaders of the woman suffragists, for example, make a better showing of ability to live in peace and mutual forbearance than other folks. Probably that is a job by itself and does not connect to advantage with advertised labors to reform society by legislation. But the successful maintenance of family life looks pretty important, and though people who fail in that may still be good at something else, somehow, we do not look with entire confidence upon the social panaceas that such persons happen to vend.



DISCOVERER



NATURE FAKIR



POLITICAL REFORMER



TITLE HUNTER



PHILANTHROPIST



FORTUNE HUNTER



POVERTY



MEDIUM



PAINLESS DENTISTRY

DR. T. W. WILKIE, D.D.S.

HUMBUGS

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$7,580.75
A. Friend.....	5.00
"Louisa and Stephen".....	5.00
P. B. V.....	5.50
L. W. Taylor.....	10.00
N. E. Graham.....	5.00
Marie Lewis Cope.....	5.00
Proceeds of a fair held at Hewitt Lake, N. Y., by: Jane, Marian and Kate White, Cornelia and Sally Sage, and Walter Goodwin, Jr.....	66.35
Felicia L. Metcalfe.....	3.00
John B. Phillips.....	10.00
	\$7,695.60

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Two boxes of oranges, from the National Orange Company of California.
Package of clothing, from Mrs. Charles Sherill Webb of Greenport, L. I.

POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM

DEAR MOTHER.

I arrived safely and wish you were here. It is a nice place. The name is Life farm Branchville connec. I was in bathing 6 times today.

good bye

DEAR MAMMA,

We arrived here safe and are having a good time. Please send me some more money for candy as I had to pay twenty cents carfare, 10 cents for Katie and ten for me and you gave me thirty cents. Katie is good and There is a big hill and we roll down it. Every day Mr. Moore rolls a barrel of apples down the hill for us to catch.

kiss for all * * * *

From MILLIE.

Humbugs

SOME bugs will sting and bite, and some
Pretend to bite, but only hum.

The first we fear, if we are wise;
The second, fear, and then despise.

But, after all, why rage and stew
When humbugs merely tickle you?

Why is it not a glorious thing
That humbugs hum and do not sting?

Why should we not rejoice, and praise
The humbug's mild, alarming ways?

He gives us all the glow and thrill
Of fierce attack, without the ill.

He brings the drum, the flag, the yell,
And leaves at home the shot and shell.

Where biting bugs in silence come,
He warns us with a kindly hum.

Where other bugs take all they find,
He only leaves a laugh behind.

So let us praise, by day and night,
The bug that hums and does not bite.

Amos R. Wells.

Jim Riley's Fine Example

IT is recorded in the public prints that Jim Riley, the good Hoosier Poet, out of the bigness of his heart and the immense profits of his verse factory, has given to Indianapolis a public library site worth \$75,000.

Good for Jim; good for Indianapolis. What pleasure such an action must have given to both! And how glorious an example of civic affection and how very suitable to imitation!

Is there no poet in New York who feels for Manhattan as Riley does for Indianapolis? Manhattan also is a literary center, with poets of immense means. We have, it is true, a new public library on a satisfactory site, but we need other things. Have we no local poet who would like to divert part of his gains to benefit our city in one of these directions? Mr. Bangs is a native and habitual New Yorker. This thought may appeal to him. Or to the Messrs. Irwin, whose wealth must have been acquired chiefly in this mart, though we believe we owe them to San Francisco. We would like to see these sites given by poets, and given rather promptly, if possible, so that folks may stop plotting to plump these needed buildings down in this or that of the city's parks.

Arrangements

"MARIE!"

Mrs. J. Pounder Van Doper, the young and dashing widow, having gone over her mail, summoned her maid, who immediately responded with her discreet presence.

"Yes, madam."

"I have here an invitation from Mrs. Spadington. Do you know whether she still retains her admirable seamstress?"

"Yes, madam, I am quite sure that she does."

"And we have considerable mending?"

"Quite some."

"And I have here an invitation from Mrs. Powers-Jones. She has a wonderful laundress, has she not?"

"She still has her, madam."

"Then keep everything from the wash until we go there. And tell me about Mrs. Rubicund Robbins. She has not yet divorced her husband?"

"No, indeed, madam. He is visiting her now."

"Such an adorable flirt. Very well, Marie. Our week ends are now settled for nearly a month. But remember, we will go to Mrs. Powers-Jones first, as we need the clothes."



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

A FRIENDLY BOUT

Cause and Effect

JONES had a pain
Right in the ventral
Region mid-central
Known as his "tum."
Jones, feeling glum,
Struggled in vain,
Fear made him numb—
Jones had a pain.

Jones took his pain
To Old Dr. Fraudley,
Advertised broadly
"CANCER CURED FREE!"
"Cures" twenty-three
Jones did obtain.
Quite a medical spree—
Yet Jones had a pain.

Jones took his pain
Straight to a surgeon
Who, without urging,
Sliced him, until
Jones saw the bill
Worded in plain
Language. And still
Jones had a pain.

Jones took his pain
Next to a "healer."
This fair revealer
"Treated" him, too.
"Errors are due
But to the brain."
When she got through
Jones had a pain.

Jones, by his pain
Desperate grown,
Let it alone—
Lo! he got well.
Joyful to tell,
Normal again,
Vanished the spell
Darkened by pain.

Yet, for his pain,
Jones paid the prices.
"Expert advices"
Took all his rocks.
Stripped to his socks
Jones shrieks amain,
"Healers and Docs
Give me a pain!"

Wallace Irwin.

Text Books

THE laws governing the use of text books in our public schools are perfectly simple and easy to understand by anybody—except possibly by school children. They are roughly as follows: Text books should be used as short a time as possible. The oftener they are



FORCE OF HABIT

"NOW, THEN, YOUNG MAN, FORK OVER THE CASH!"
"VERY SORRY, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE IDENTIFIED."

changed the more profit there is in the business.

A text book should be written by some man who is prominent in a large school system—with the help, of course, of the publisher's staff. The book is then sure, regardless of its merit, to be used by the system in which the author is mixed up. This will help its sale in other places.

As mathematics and grammar are both

fixed studies, governed by permanent laws, text books dealing with them should be changed oftener than any other, except geographies. Why? Because they are more necessary.

The more text books on every subject there are in every school, the harder it will be for the pupils and the more money in it for publishers. Therefore all schools should have as many text books as the principal can be persuaded to buy.



"THERE'S CHANGE IN THE THINGS I LOVED, BEN BOLT,
THEY'VE CHANGED FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW."

School of Manners

SOME of our railroad presidents have been issuing rules of courteous treatment for the use of their employees. Owing to the courtesy of Mr. Melien, of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., we were recently enabled to be present at the school of manners established by that road.

The applicants were for the positions of conductors, brakemen, gatemen and various other places. The first man stepped forward.

"What do you wish?"

"I should like to be a conductor."

"You smile. Don't you know that no conductor of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. is permitted to smile? Next!"

A short, thin man stepped forward.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I should like to be a gateman—one who punches the tickets and lets the passengers through."

"Um—you mean lets them through if they have tickets; but suppose some man wants to see his wife or children through, what do you do then?"

"Stop them."

"Ah, but how do you do it? Give us an imitation."

"I growl at them, 'Yer can't get through here, see!'"

"That's pretty good. If anyone speaks to you, how should you invariably reply?"

"Snarl at 'em."

"My man, what was your job before you applied here?"

"I was a Custom House officer."

"You're engaged. Next!"

A portly man stepped forward.

"What do you want?"

"Well, what do you think I want? What would I be coming up here for, anyway? Eh?"

"That's enough! You can have any job on this road that you ask for."

After the positions for the day had all been filled, Mr. Melien spoke a few inspiring words to the applicants.

"Remember," he said, "it's the tone of voice often that means so much. You may actually feel pleasant and unconsciously your voice reproduce your feelings. Remember to control yourself. I

may not always be president of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and if I go away I want to feel that my spirit will still remain and that the great reputation of the road for the manner in which it treats the public will still be maintained. It isn't what you say always, it's the way you say it."

"Wat 't 'ell do yer mean by tellin' us that?" said a newly engaged brakeman. "We knows how ter treat em!"

Mr. Melien nodded approvingly.

"Good feller," he said gently. "You have the right idea at least. Only in this way can we maintain the respect that is due us as a corporation."

An Aid to Thought

When Mr. Morgan's steamer reached New York yesterday he was found playing solitaire. Distracted Wall Street anxiously inquires what that signifies.—*Springfield Republican*.

CONSERVATION of energy. Concentration of thought. Women knit and think. Cobblers cobbler and think. Mr. Taft plays golf and thinks. Mr. Morgan plays solitaire and thinks.



This is the Era of Candor Among Advertisers.—Daily Paper.
WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE TENDENCY IS PERSISTED IN

Honored by Emperor William

*Manager of Husbands' Correspondence Bureau Tells of
Flying Visit to Europe—Royal Customers Everywhere
—King George and Wife Extremely Cordial—Sad News
From Portugal—American Husbands Ahead*



COMING HOME FROM THE CLUB

Judges or Majority?

SOME of President Taft's reasons for vetoing the recall of judges are not overconvincing. To refuse New Mexico and Arizona admittance to Statehood because he disapproves of a certain thing they desire, and merely for their own use, is in itself a wee bit arbitrary, especially as Mr. Taft himself admits that

It is to be their government, and while the power of Congress to withhold or grant Statehood is absolute, the people about to constitute a State should generally know better the kind of government and constitution suited to their needs than Congress or the Executive.

One of his grievances is that

By the recall in the Arizona Constitution it is proposed to give the majority power to remove arbitrarily and without delay any judge who may have the courage to render an unpopular decision.

And why not? Does not our Constitution call for a government by the majority? If a judge proves himself corrupt, what harm in removing him "without delay"? Able lawyers have often expressed the opinion that our judges' terms of service are much too long.

Mr. Taft is an honest gentleman. But, is it not barely possible that, in this case, he is merely retarding the wheels of justice?

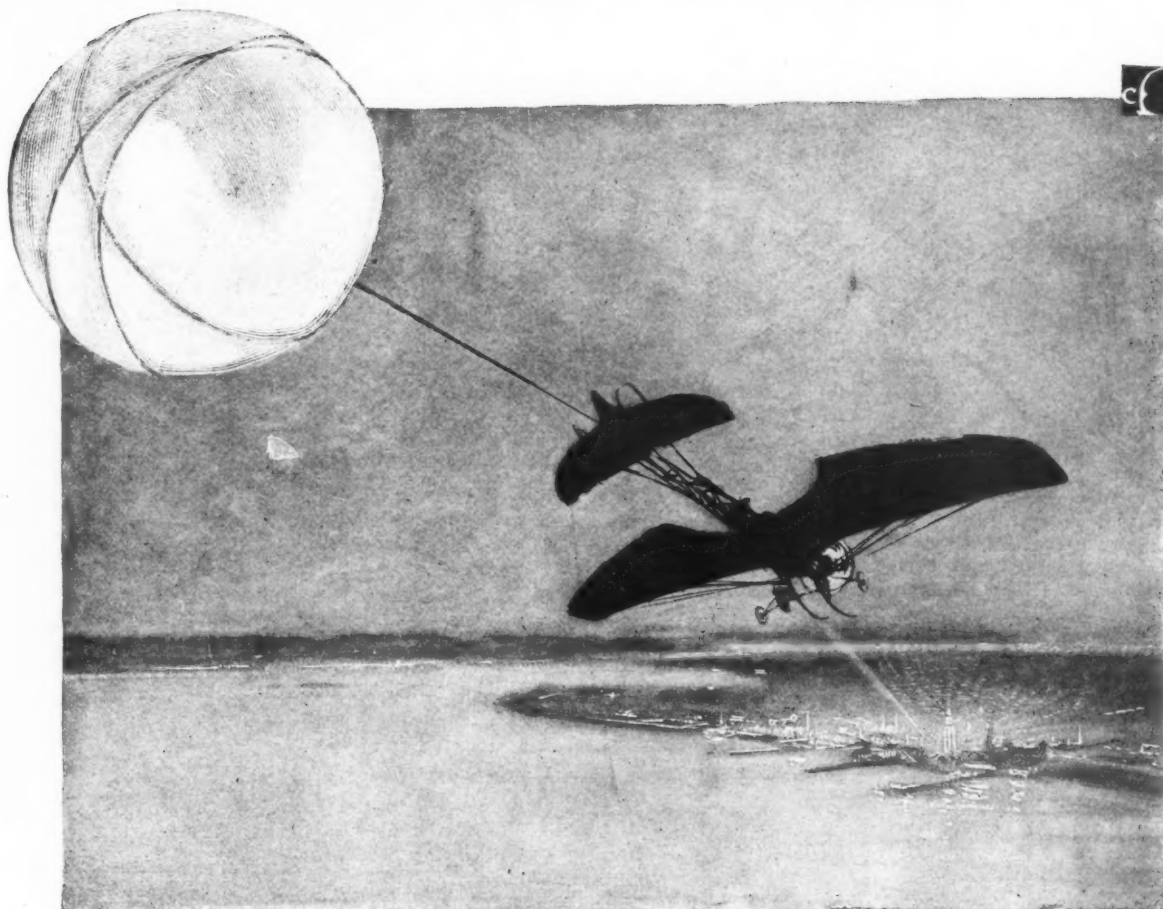
THE fact that on our recent flying trip abroad we were presented by Emperor William with the order of the Golden Eagle, and that King George regretted during our visit to the coronation that he could not knight us owing to our being an American citizen, has called attention to the wide scope of the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau. We should not have mentioned the matter ourselves, as we felt more and more strongly, as time goes on, that the great work we are doing in bringing husbands and wives together has its supreme reward in the feeling of satisfaction which is ever present with us. But inasmuch as the matter has been alluded to, in order that no false impression should get abroad, we think the facts would best be known.

Before the shrine of Hymen all men are equal; Love makes no distinction of persons; we treat everybody, regardless of age or worldly position; but owing

to the prominence of some of our patrons, we have always made a rule to respect all confidences. We have for some years done a splendid business with kings all over the world, and the many testimonials we have received attest the effectiveness of our methods. It has always been a regret with us that our special agent—the tall handsome blonde who presides over our office—arrived at the court of Abdul Hamid too late to do that monarch any good; if we could have given him six months' preliminary treatment we could have cured him, and he would still have been on the throne of Turkey. Both Alfonso of Spain and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands owe to us much of their happiness. The fact that we have not been invariably successful with other European kings is due to conditions over which we have had no control. As a rule, they were too far away to avail themselves of our entertainment committee, or to get the



"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US,
TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS (WISH TO) SEE US."



ITEM—ONE MOON FOR CONEY ISLAND

benefit of our own personal supervision. We urged them to come over here, but business kept them at home.

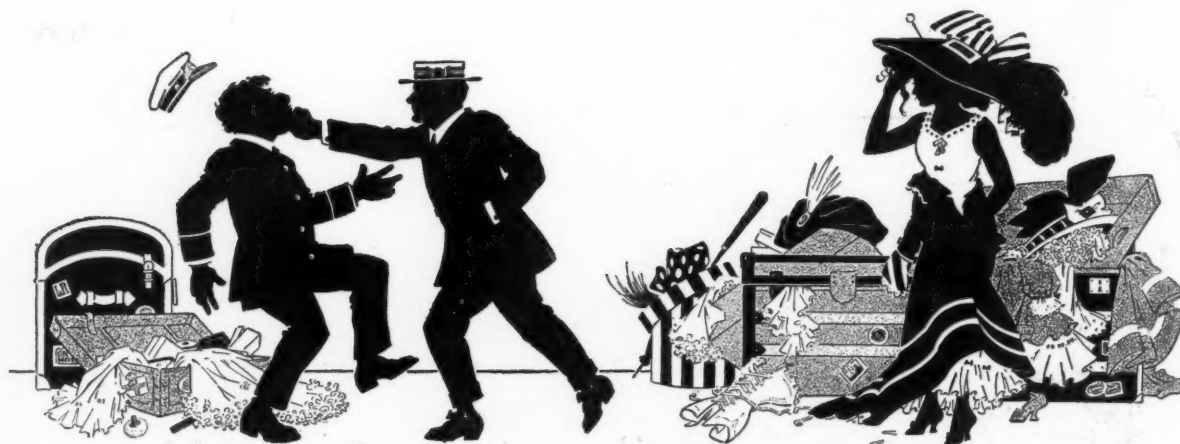
Our recent trip abroad was to keep in touch with some of our best known royal customers, and also to drop in on King George. He is looking very well, considering the ordeal he has been through; but unfortunately, at the time selected for our visit, his wife was present at the interview and we could not tell him all that we wanted to. Under the circumstances, however, we feel sure that he understood. We wish to say right here, that we have nothing but the highest respect for his wife. While we only talked with her a few moments, and while our conversation was only confined to a few brief remarks, we were favorably impressed with her manner and bearing. She is a woman of great dignity. We had just presented a copy of our Famous Galaxy of Beauties to

the king, together with our little brochure, entitled "One Thousand Ways to Leave Home," and he was looking over it with intense interest as she suddenly

entered. Yet beyond remarking that she would see him later she made no reference to this fact, and was extremely cordial. In making our departure, as we pressed her august hand, we ventured to remark that her husband was a trifle underweight, and she thanked us graciously. We mention this little incident to show that the world is pretty much the same everywhere you go. We may say that we attribute our extraordinary success to a knowledge of that fact. As we are constantly having laid bare before us the secrets of the human heart, and witnessing its keen anguish, we feel more and more that all men are brothers. Our terms, by the way, are reasonable and within the reach of all—except possibly those who have just returned from their honeymoons; but as a rule these happy people do not require any treatment, the germs of future trouble not being then apparent. We re-



THE ORIGINAL HUMBUG



THE RIGHT KIND OF "PROTECTION"

gret very much to say that while in Portugal, although Princess Antonia, the king's great-aunt, sent for us, we arrived too late to do much for the young king. If he could have come on to New York, where he could have been under the personal supervision of our entertainment committee, we might have straightened him out; as it is, his marital affairs, while not widely advertised, are not in the most satisfactory condition. His great mistake was in wishing to marry above him, as we explained to his aunt.

In Russia we called on the Czar, and ventured, during our brief stay, to give him words of encouragement and advice. In our opinion the Czar has been much misjudged. Although we were

present only a few moments, he gave us such a long list of domestic troubles that our eyes involuntarily filled with tears. Considering the condition of the empire and all the circumstances, we agreed to let him have our full correspondence course—including a free copy of "One Thousand Ways to Leave Home"—at half price.

What he really needs is a good long vacation, away from the office, where he can't hear a telephone ring or be shot at by some total stranger who passes. A few weeks in our Summer Camp for Husbands in the Adirondacks would do him a world of good.

We have returned home with a comfortable feeling that after all the lot of

the American husband is not so bad. It is true that half the time—when he is away from his wife—he is afraid to say that his soul is his own, and that the other half—while in her presence—he passionately denies that he has a soul; that he has no time to cultivate his mind, because he is trying to provide her with clothes. But after all there are compensations. For one thing, he is within easy reach of this Bureau. Remember that we are open day and night. The slightest sign of trouble with your wife, if the affair is placed in our hands, will call forth all of our immense resources, at moderate prices. Call, write or wire.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau.



1620 TO 1920

FOUND IN THE RUINS OF NEW YORK CITY

Peace and War

Opinions from Reigning Monarchs Throughout the World.—Question Settled at Last

AT last the question of whether we shall have a world peace has been definitely settled. With immense labor and expense, LIFE has succeeded in getting an expression of opinion from the leading monarchs of the world. It now remains only to form a world arbitration treaty based upon their composite conclusions. This will naturally be left for Mr. Carnegie.

The opinions follow:

GEORGE V. OF ENGLAND: I believe in peace—so long as our navy is big enough to insure it.

EMPEROR WILLIAM: So long as we can add peacefully to our territory from time to time I shall be entirely satisfied.

P'U-YI, EMPEROR OF CHINA: Until we can get our machine perfected, our army reorganized and modern methods introduced, including discipline, guns and a suitable navy, give me peace!

M. ARMAND FALLIÈRES, PRESIDENT OF FRENCH REPUBLIC: We have no objection to peace so long as the committees all meet in Paris.

JACK JOHNSON: I'm for peace as long as my money holds out.

ALFONSO OF SPAIN: You can't have too much of it to suit me.

J. P. MORGAN: Peace! So long as I can underwrite it.

MUTSUHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN: I refuse to talk for publication.

FORMER PRESIDENT DIAZ: So do I.

W. H. TAFT: I feel that I shall be elected again without bringing on a war.

POPE PIUS X.: Our collections always run low during a war. Give me peace!

JOSEPH SMITH, HEAD OF MORMON CHURCH: Peace! I should say so. If such a thing is possible.

MOHAMMED II., SULTAN OF TURKEY: I'm in the hands of my friends.

MANAGER MCGRAW OF THE NEW YORKS: Peace? Never!



I DARE DO ALL THAT MAY BECOME A MAN.—*Macbeth.*

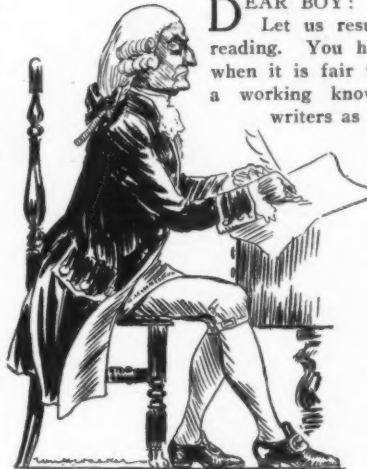
Judge Chesterfield's Letters to His Son

The Famous Nobleman, Now Living in America, Gives Some Important Advice About the Conduct of a Young Man

II.

DEAR BOY:

Let us resume the question of your reading. You have now reached the age when it is fair to presume that you have a working knowledge of such classical writers as Shakespeare, Dante, Marie



Corelli, Washington Irving, Tom Dixon, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Thackeray, and Mr. Bok. I quite agree with your excellent tutor, Mr. Harte, that the cryptic sentences of Mr. Henry James should be left to puzzle-solvers and to women who, as we all know, read not for what they can glean from books but for the sake of saying they have read them.

The daily newspapers, if you are not cautious, will waste your time. Were they written by men of brains for men of sense, it would profit you to be informed by them concerning current events, but you will find that men of brains, if they have any principle, will not sell their abilities to journals which are either mere panderers to the vulgarity of the masses or are simply used by politicians and so-called financial magnates to mislead the public.

Not even the astuteness with which I credit you will keep you from being misled by them. For example, you may read in one issue of the most conspicuous of the sensational sheets, a journal whose main ambition appears to be to vulgarize the entire American public, that Mr. August Belmont is an ill-mannered and consequential little money pig. From general reputation and your personal knowledge you may be aware that Mr. August Belmont is an ill-mannered and consequential little money pig. Therefore, from the correctness of this statement, when you read in the same journal that Mr. Hearst is a perfect gentleman and an unselfish patriot you may infer that that statement is also true. Here is the danger of the newspaper. Taking the latter statement as true, you might be willing to meet Mr. Hearst on terms of equality as one gentleman would another, or even to vote for him for some position of trust in the government. If you had the time to investigate, instead of being informed by a newspaper, you might perhaps discover that the picture was overdrawn, and that your fancied patriot and gentleman was only a reckless young demagogue, appealing through his badly made and badly written newspapers to the cheap sentimentality of the vulgar and shallow-minded, to the limited intelligence of the ignorant or half-educated, and to the envious hatred of the incompetent, the shiftless and the discontented.

On the other hand, dear boy, among the apparently more



AD WALKER



WOULD YOU WISH YOUR DAUGHTER TO MARRY A MAN
LIKE THIS?

reputable newspapers you are likely to find that their most ardent editorials on public questions are dictated by a capitalist with political or social ambitions, or with Wall Street interests which need boosting or immunity from attack. Therefore read the newspapers only for the smallest modicum of news and question the veracity of that if you can imagine any reason for its being colored.

But I fear that in my anxiety to make you in every way a perfect man I grow too prolix and serious. I dwell on the intellectual side of your development, but, believe me, I would not have you neglect the graces. I trust that wherever you may be traveling just now you are mingling with only the very best people. I am told that at present it is quite *de rigueur* at Newport to have monkeys as dinner guests. Fortunately you do not have to make a monkey of yourself to be invited, as do many persons of less assured position than yours. Personally, I should not care to sit at table with a monkey; but perhaps in Newport the hosts find the simians more nearly their mental equals.

I am pleased to know that your financial tutor, Mr. Thaler-macher, finds in you so ready a pupil. I am not entirely ready to admit that he is right in holding that you should mark the aces in the poker-deck when you are going to play with a member of the New York Stock Exchange, but for one of your age this is perhaps only a reasonable precaution.

I hope that your *affaires de coeur* are progressing satisfactorily. Remember, though, that although the two pieces of paper may resemble each other rather closely in size and general appearance, a decree of divorce is more costly and difficult to secure than a marriage certificate.

Adieu. Let me have news of you by next post.

CHESTERFIELD.

Another Contest Next Week

IN next week's LIFE will begin another contest, a prize of one hundred dollars being offered for the best title to a picture. This picture, by the way, will be published in only two issues of LIFE, September 14 and September 21.

Those Boards of Health

Every Town Has One, of Which the Leading Doctor Is Usually President—No Worse Disease

IN every town of any importance in this country there is a local institution known as the "Board of Health." Nobody has ever seen a Board of Health, and only knows about it at such times as it is in action, and it always works under cover.

A Board of Health is composed of certain leading citizens who have passed their usefulness in other directions. The process of time having slowly drained them of all sympathy, all charity and common sense, they at last arrive at that proud moment where they are fit to become members of the Board of Health. They are never more heard of as individuals, but only as members of the Board of Health, and even in this respect their identity is carefully concealed from the public. If you know any man who for stupidity, lack of common sense, conventional timidity and intense respectability is living in your town, you will find, upon carefully investigating, that he has long been a member of the Board of Health.

The president of the Board of Health is always the leading doctor. It is his business to arrange in advance for all epidemics, to scare people to death if necessary by public announcements, to vaccinate helpless children, to brow-beat parents, and to announce at suitable moments that the "situation is now under control."

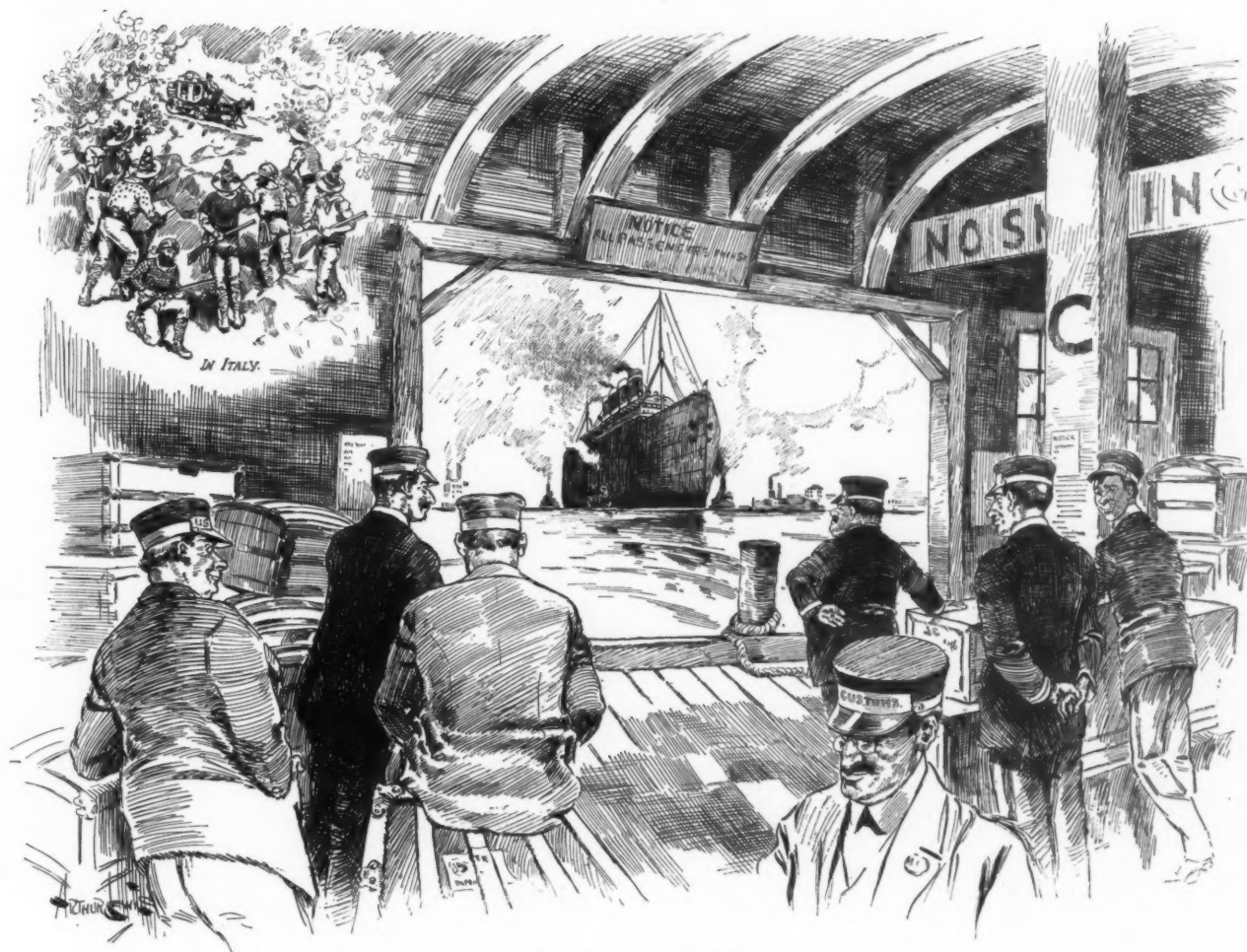
Beside this august individual, reinforced by his trained band of subordinates, the authorities always take a back seat.

There is no greater or more destructive disease than a Board of Health. Other maladies are more or less transient. With courage, firmness and a reasonable amount of fortitude, there is scarcely anything that happens to normal human beings that Nature will not cure. But a Board of Health is a perpetual menace to the human race. It magnifies the slightest rumor and imposes the rule of the dark ages on a terror-stricken community.

Boards of Health are responsible for about every "health" evil there is; they started the germ theory, the serum fad, the smallpox scare, but worse than any of these, they impose by fear a species of thralldom that the dark ages have never equaled. Kept alive by superstition, fed on narrow prejudices and encouraged to persist by common cowardice, they are almost the worst pest that we have to contend against.



"THE GREAT DIVIDE"



IN THE UNITED STATES

How Old Are We?

ACCORDING to the latest conclusions of scientists, it appears that the earth is quite old. About a decade ago Mr. J. Joly, adopting the hypothesis of the sodium content of the ocean, measuring this as it is received at a constant rate from the rocks, arrived at an age between eighty and ninety millions of years. Earlier than this Kelvin placed the age of the earth at from twenty to forty millions of years. Sir George Darwin was inclined to believe, from what he knew of the facts, that the earth is over fifty-six millions of years old.

We are probably safe in assuming that the earth is at least twenty millions of years old, as no scientist is willing to admit that it can be any younger.

While not wishing to make anyone uncomfortable, and having at heart only the best interests of all, we desire nevertheless to call attention to this fact, because it seems to us that up to the present time the earth is much to be criticised for not having done anything until so recently.

It is only up to comparatively recent times that we can

point with pride to any achievement worth while. Two or three hundreds of years ago, compared with twenty millions, is not very much; anybody would probably admit that. Assuming that it took some time to get ready for us, in the way of planting and experimenting with crops, it ought to be reasonable to suppose that this would not take more than a couple of millions of years at the outside. Much can be done in two million years by working nights and taking advantage of all the astronomical opportunities offered. Much stone can be broken up and reduced to powder, and it ought to be easy to learn how to revolve, to wear an atmosphere and to start your protoplasm growing in a couple of millions of years; this would leave eighteen million for spare time, just to perfect things.

In fact, even as late as a couple of hundred of years ago, nothing was done; there was no new nationalism, no paternalism, no hot water heater and no telephone.

Every one now admits that the millennium is here and that it has taken only a few years to bring it on.

And yet how singular that this should have happened in such a small fraction of time.



Madame Thespis Returns to Town

WALK right in, ladies and gentlemen, and take your seats. The show is about to begin. Without going into detail as to the nature of the entertainment which will be provided for you, you may safely assume that it will be more or less edifying.

The talented artists who are to appear before you will show their customary obliteration of self and subordinate their personalities to the general artistic effect.

Our scholarly dramatists will provide only plays of high literary merit and technical excellence.

The gentlemanly managers will have in their employ only courteous attendants, whose highest aim will be to make the public comfortable and happy in its enjoyment of the theatre.

It has been arranged so that every one will have good seats two or three rows from the stage. These may be secured at the box-office at any time and at no advance on the advertised prices.

You will be deprived of one former pleasure. You will no longer be swindled and insulted by sidewalk speculators unless that useful legislative body, New York's Board of Aldermen, should yield to political pull and restore to these highwaymen their license to rob.

The information you desire from the programme will, as usual, be carefully concealed in a mass of advertisements, which you will not, however, be compelled to read.

On your part you will, as always, patronize only entertainments of real merit and refuse your patronage to those that are silly, tawdry or coarse.

If you are a tired business man and your shattered nerves can find no other solace in the evening hours, it is not to be doubted that our theatrical purveyors will occasionally give you opportunity to attend a musical show, with its sufficient quantum of betighted young persons of the chorus.

So, too, if you long for the pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral or

anything else, it will be provided for you if only you make it worth the managers' while.

The dear ladies will add their share and, whether suffragette or anti, will pile no more false hair on their heads than is necessary to shut off the view of the stage.

All of which being satisfactorily arranged, let us proceed. On with the play! Let joy be unconfined.



THE current bills at the theatres are made up mostly of last season's successes, which have either held over or have been restored to the boards to fill in with certainties the uncertain season when the weather has not definitely made up its mind whether summer is still here or autumn has begun.

An exception in the way of novelty is "A Gentleman of Leisure," at Mr. Brady's pretty new theatre, "The Playhouse." The play is a cheery and well-acted comedy which chains the interest and stirs the risibles through its four acts. As a piece of play construction it has some very crude spots which, it would seem, might be successfully manicured by its authors, Messrs. Stapleton and Wodehouse. Its lines and situations are based on the experiences of a young society man who, on a bet, becomes an amateur burglar and makes the mistake of choosing for the scene of his first attempt the residence of a high police official, which also shelters the young woman with whom the hero has fallen in love.

As the amateur burglar Mr. Douglas Fairbanks makes a pronounced step forward in his career. In his other rôles he has shown that he was young and good looking and could deliver his lines. In the part of Pitt he has heavier responsibilities than have yet fallen to him, and he shirks none of them; in fact, his easy handling of the important comedy situations puts him in the very front rank of the younger generation of actors.

Mr. Brady has given the play the benefit



of a strong cast. It brings into very creditable prominence three not well-known names: those of Ruth Shepley, delightful to look upon as the unknown divinity of the hero; Mr. Elmer Booth, as a professional second-story man who coaches him in burglary, and Mr. Arthur Lacey in the character of a "silly-ass" Englishman with matrimonial intentions, which are thwarted by the amateur cracksman. Mr. George Fawcett, never bad, is thoroughly at home as the Police Commissioner who has come up from the ranks and accumulated a fortune on the way, while Mr. Francis Carlyle finds congenial work in portraying the actor who is received socially.

"A Gentleman of Leisure" sets a good pace for the start of the season.

"THE Real Thing," which Henrietta Crosman dared to launch early in August for a metropolitan career, is a thoroughly feminine play by Catherine Chisholm Cutting. It will be found interesting and instructive by ladies dealing with the problem of how to keep their husbands at home. Of course this is an out-of-date theme, as a more important one in these suffrage days is how to keep wives at home. Minnie Dupree plays very well the wife who becomes a dowd through her extreme domesticity and who drives her husband to outside companionship and cocktails at the club by her absorption in their children.

To right this situation arrives a breezy maiden aunt, portrayed by the star. One of her ideas of the allurements of home for a wandering husband is to brew a claret punch before dinner. With most husbands this would have a repellent effect, but Henrietta Crosman is an exceedingly clever comedienne and gives vivacity to this and other unpromising episodes. Also Mr. Frank Mills does all that is possible to make the wandering Willie husband a reality.

"The Real Thing" contains lines which are complimentary to LIFE. It is to be regretted that the compliment cannot be reciprocated more generously.



UNTIL lately the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles has been kept out of London under the ban of the official censor. Knowing something of New York's taste in theatricals, it is safe to affirm that we need no censor for this particular play. But in



SPIRITS WHEN THEY PLEASE CAN EITHER SEX ASSUME, OR BOTH.—*Paradise Lost.*

spite of its wordiness, gore and unmentionable crimes Mr. John E. Kellard had the temerity to produce it for a short season at the Irving Place Theatre. It was interesting and creditably done, Mr. Kellard himself giving an intelligent but not a great depiction of the ill-fated husband of Jocasta. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault showed some tragic inspiration in the rôle of the messenger who tells of Jocasta's death and the self-inflicted blindness of Oedipus.

The principal significance of the production was to demonstrate again the inability of the average actor to declaim English properly.

THE art of Terpsichore, expurgated by direction of Mayor Gaynor, has ample exposition in the stories danced out by Dertrude Hoffman and a large company at the Winter Garden. The star's part in the entertainment is in methods that are far from elevating or agreeable to contemplate, but in its entirety the show is brilliantly sensual. With good judgment a dainty ballet in the conventional form, and entitled "Les Sylphides," is sandwiched between the gorgeousness and voluptuousness of "Cleopatra" and "Sheherazade." Those who like dancing and spectacle will find them in elaboration and gorgeousness at the Winter Garden.

AT the Herald Square the preliminary season is devoted to the moving picture in its highest development. The colored pictures of various scenes and episodes connected with the recent coronation are really remarkable, and, if allowances are made for mechanical difficulties, convey a graphic and correct idea of the unusual scenes. Perhaps the

most interesting thing about it is the opportunity given to compare the stage presence of the English King and the German Emperor. Metcalfe.



Astor—"Seven Days." Revival of very laughable farcical comedy.

Broadway—Mr. Lew Fields and big company in gorgeously staged musical show, "The Hen-Pecks."

Casino—"Pinafore," with Fay Templeton as Little Buttercup.

Cohan's—"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." The clever farcical comedy of the successful confidence man.

Empire—Mr. John Drew in "A Single Man," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. Notice later.

Folies Bergere—Vaudeville and burlesque with restaurant attachment.

Gaiety—"Excuse Me," Mr. Rupert Hughes's laughable farce of sleeping-car travel.

Harris—Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper," by Mr. Charles Klein. Notice later.

Herald Square—Colored moving pictures of the coronation. See above.

Hippodrome—"Around the World." Notice later.

Hudson—Mr. Frank McIntyre in "Snobs," by Mr. George Bronson Howard. Notice later.

Knickerbocker—"The Siren," with Mr. Donald Brian. Notice later.

Lyceum—"Thy Neighbor's Wife," by Mr. Elmer Harris. Notice later.

Lyric—"Everywoman." The interesting and impressive modern morality play.

Manhattan Opera House—"The Deep Purple." Absorbing melodrama of crooked life in New York.

Marine Elliott's—Henrietta Crosman in "The Real Thing." See above.

Playhouse—"A Gentleman of Leisure." See above.

Thirty-ninth Street—"As a Man Thinks," with Mr. John Mason in the leading part. Well acted drama with the question of the Jew in society as its topic.

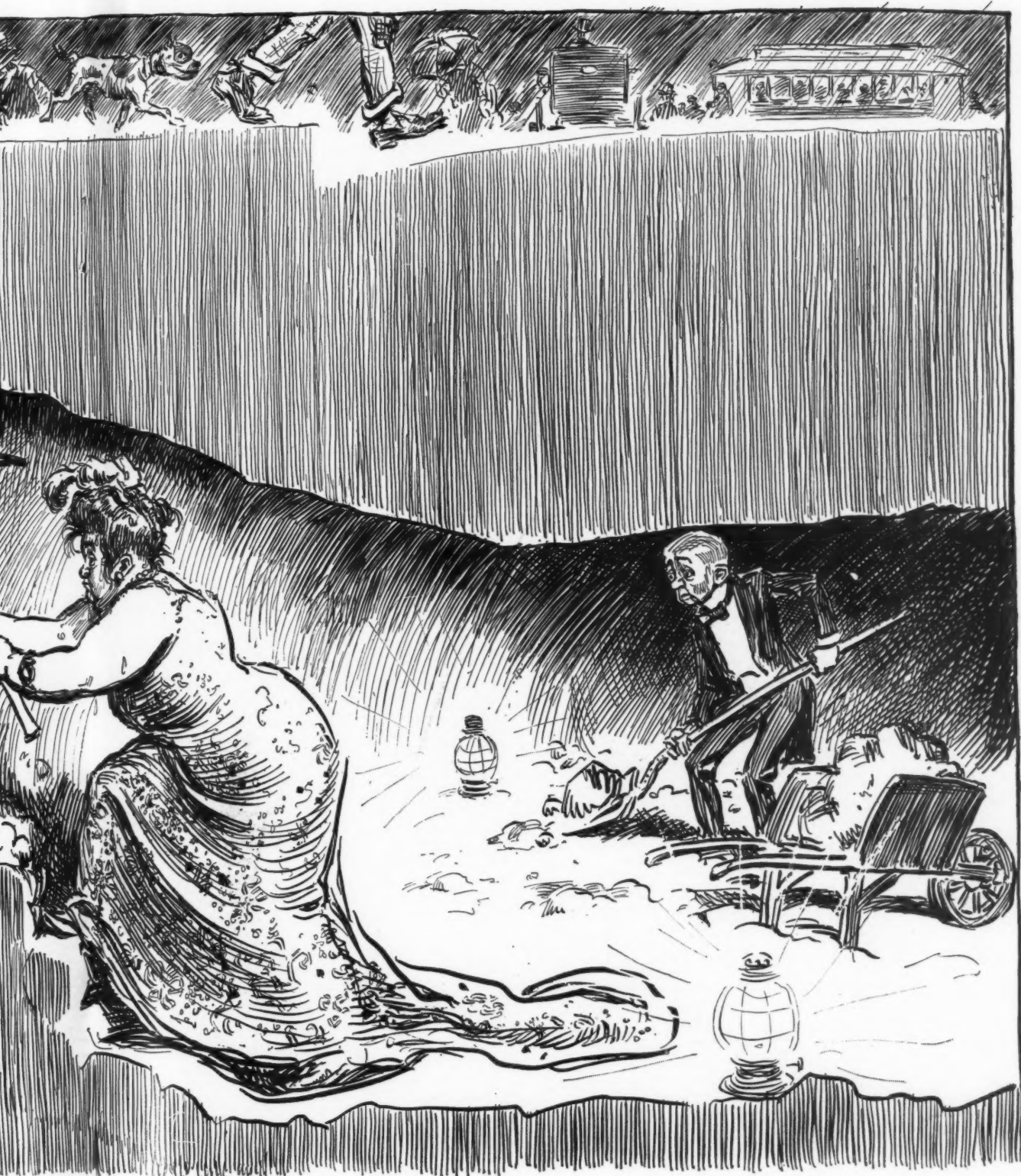
Wallack's—"Pomander Walk." Exquisite sentimental comedy of life in a London suburb in the Georgian era.

West End—Mr. Mantell in Shakespearean repertory.

Winter Garden—Ballets. See above.



Another Subway Neari



Subway Nearing Completion

Life's Literary Announcement For Coming Year—No. 2



PORTER EMERSON DUDLEY
REMINISCENCES OF MY CHILDHOOD



MARY MINDUM WELLS
THE BABY, HIS CARE AND TRAINING.
AUTHOR OF "ARE POLICEMEN TRUE TO
THEIR VOWS?"



JAMES BARR SOAKE
MY RELATION TOWARDS THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. AUTHOR OF "THE STUFF
THAT DREAMS ARE MADE ON."



ABDUL PASHA XYALIS
TALKS TO WOMEN. AUTHOR OF "NO
WEDDING BELLS FOR HER," "IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"



PROF. SPIKE LITT SHARKINS
AUTHOR OF "THOSE SHINING EYES,"
"MY EXPERIENCE WITH NERVOUS
SUFFERERS."



COUNT CASTLENAIR
AMERICAN WOMEN I HAVE MET. AUTHOR OF "IS SELF-SUPPORT A NECESSITY."

Governor Wilson

ACCORDING to "Holland," accomplished writer of syndicate letters, Democratic leaders who discuss Governor Wilson as a candidate for President say that his "temperamental quality" is not just right. They complain that "his disposition is to drive rather than to persuade; to command instead of counsel-

ing as a leader should counsel." That sounds like an echo from Princeton.

A political leader who is to go far must have in him some measure of the power "to draw all men unto him." That is a power that Mr. Roosevelt possesses in a high degree and that the late Mr. Shepard lacked. Governor Wilson is not devoid of it, but along in with

what he has of it is mixed an exceptional ability to excite bitter opposition. Perhaps he has been a little too ready to walk over some men whom he would have done better to walk around. But, after all, the same could be said of Cleveland.

If the drawing power is strong enough it will take care of a lot of embattled opposition.

Health Rules

HAVING consulted William Muldoon, Eugene Sandow, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, J. Pierpont Morgan, Mayor Gaynor, Dr. William Robinson, Upton Sinclair and many other well known authorities on health, we are enabled to present the following rules, these being the latest consensus of opinion:

- Eat nothing.
- Eat everything you want.
- Walk at least ten miles a day.
- Do not stir unless you ride in a carriage or some other vehicle.
- Don't worry.
- It is absolutely necessary that you study yourself. Remember, you are an animal.
- Chew food until nothing remains.
- Bolt everything. Only in this way will your stomach keep strong.
- Never go on a vacation.
- Change is absolutely necessary.
- Eschew alcohol and tobacco.
- Smoke all you want to. Drink everything.
- Keep cool.
- Perspire profusely.



ART NOTES

MR. UPTON HUYER IS AT WORK ON ANOTHER OF HIS FAMOUS AIRSCAPES

An Encounter

BY AGNES REPPLIER

A HUMBUG and a Plain Truth were strolling arm in arm through the streets of Corinth when they met Diogenes ostentatiously thrusting his lantern into dark corners, in search of an honest man.

"Here is a friend of mine," said the Plain Truth. "He will be glad to see me." And he stepped in the Philosopher's path.

Diogenes held the lantern in his face. The Plain Truth looked plainer than ever when the light shone on him. The Humbug stood by, simpering pleasantly.

"You know me well," said the Plain Truth to the Cynic. "You have introduced me to the great ones of the world."

"I know you well," said Diogenes. "I have parted from you with pleasure many times. Who is your engaging friend?"

The Plain Truth snorted. "Even a Philosopher is caught by a pretty face," he said.

"The worst thing about Truth," remarked Diogenes, "is that it utters truisms." He turned to the Humbug. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"I live in 'a tub," said the Humbug sweetly.

"It is a curious coincidence," mused the Philosopher. "I thought nobody lived in a tub but myself. I should be sorry to see the custom become universal."

"That," said the Plain Truth, "is because—"

Diogenes waved his lantern. "Pardon me," he interrupted. "I am not now investigating the origin of convictions, and I am not to be tempted to egotism."

He glanced at the Humbug. "That is what I always say myself," she murmured diffidently, and came a step nearer.

The Plain Truth recoiled. "Have you not proclaimed yourself my friend?" he asked Diogenes.

The Philosopher nodded absent-mindedly.

"When you lowered the pride of the great Alexander, and bade him step out of your sunshine," pursued the Plain Truth, "did you not speak in my name?"

The Philosopher nodded again. He was looking hard at the Humbug, and wondering where he had seen her before.

"Oh, how well I remember that glorious day!" she whispered, and her face grew radiant at the recollection.

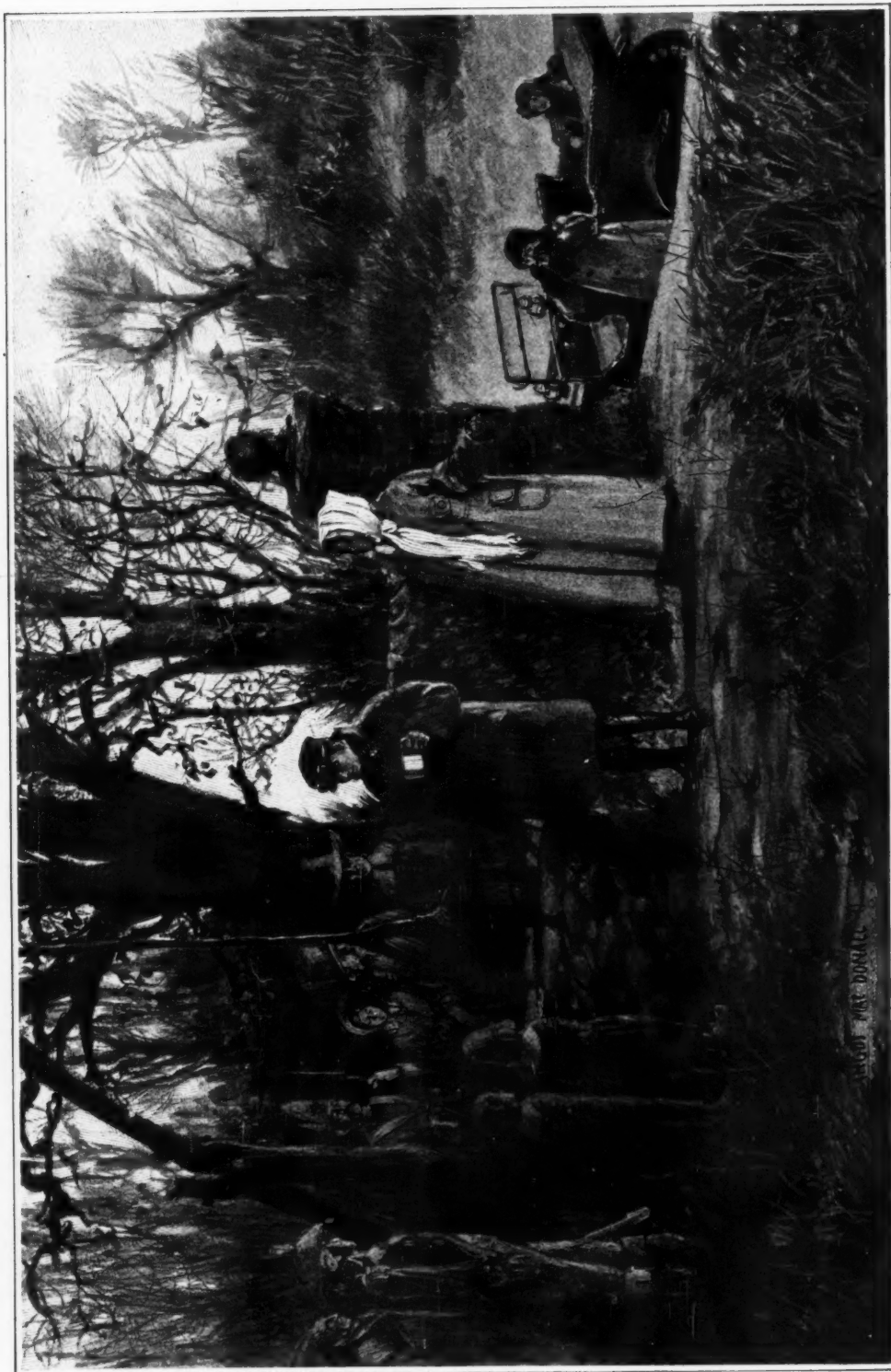
Diogenes extinguished the lantern. In the darkness he felt the Humbug by his side. He cleared his throat, preparatory to speaking in his best platform manner. "Come and see me to-morrow morning," he said to the Plain Truth. "A committee of the 'Corinth Society for Doing Without,' which has been recently formed in my honor, will wait upon me at noon. I shall address them on the subject of the Simple Life. They are excellent young men and will be pleased to meet you. At twelve o'clock sharp, remember! Good night."

He moved away. "But where are you going?" the Plain Truth asked the Humbug.

A soft voice in the darkness made reply, "To our tub," it said.

Crops

THERE are to be lots of apples this year and lots of oranges: that is admitted even by the crop-scare artists. No serious disasters to the chewing-gum crop have been reported, and it is too soon yet to worry about ice. But as to the prospect for cotton, wheat, corn, oats and such things, uncertainty seems to obtain and bets are invited.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

W. W. DODGE



Why Not?

YOUNG STILES was going to be married in a couple of weeks, and his friend, Caperton, dropped in to congratulate him.

"She's a wonderful girl, old fellow," he said, "and you ought to be thoroughly happy. Yes, I have known Josephine Trayne for years. Oh, my! but you must be making money!"

"What do you mean?" said Stiles.

"Her clothes, man! But, of course, you've provided for all that."

Stiles began to argue. He was conscientious.

"Of course, Josephine dresses well," he said. "Why shouldn't she? She has a rich father; but those are the kind of girls who always settle down afterward. We have talked it over, I assure you, and she understands."

"Bless you, my boy," replied Caperton, "I didn't mean to say anything that would disconcert you; but have you any idea how much Josephine Trayne spends on her clothes?"

"No. Have you?"

"I have."

"Where did you get it?"

"She buys all of her clothes at Pinkmarsh's. Now, I happen to know the head bookkeeper in that establishment; of course, this is confidential. He couldn't give away secrets, but we know each other pretty well, and he tells me some strange things."

"You couldn't find out how much Josephine has been spending for the past year, could you? It might be well for me to know."

"I think I could—on the quiet. How much do you suppose?"

"Oh, I don't know! I hadn't thought much about it. Of course, I know she dresses well."

Caperton looked at him thoughtfully.

"I know you pretty well, old chap," he said, "and I can ask you this without your being offended. What is your income?"

"Last year it was five thousand. Next year it will probably be a little more."

"And you expect to live on that?"

"Of course we do. We have gone over the matter thoroughly. She understands that we are to receive no help from her father, and she is perfectly satisfied. I have figured out carefully the whole thing."

"And yet you don't know how much she spends for her clothes."

"What difference does that make? She will do what I say."

"Well, perhaps, you would like to know. It might do something."

"Yes, it would."

"Well, I tell you what—you meet me at Pinkmarsh's late this afternoon; I'll introduce you to our friend the bookkeeper, and get him to give you an abstract of Josephine's account."

"Good!"

At six they met at the smart dress-maker's establishment, with its huge plate glass windows, its fashionable air of exclusiveness, and its quiet, unostentatious general appearance. Stiles was introduced to the bookkeeper on the third floor.

"You must keep mum about this," he whispered, as they sat down in his office. "Sure!"

He turned to the page.

"Miss Josephine Trayne—account sent to her father. Here we begin on the first of January. Evening frock, two seventy-five; house gown, one seventy-five; four skirts at fifty each, two hundred; three hats, one at eighty, one at sixty, and one at one hundred and twenty; total, two hundred and sixty; February, riding habit, two pieces, one hundred and sixty; evening gown, two hundred; walking suit, three pieces, two hundred and fifty—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Stiles, "don't bother to read off all those items. What's the total? That's all I want."

"You mean for the whole year?"

"Yes."

The bookkeeper turned the leaves. He figured silently with a pencil at the bottom of the ledger.

"Well," he said, "I can't tell exactly as some items have been carried over, but its about nine thousand dollars. Yes! Wait a minute. Deducting this, and adding this! Here's the exact sum: Nine thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and thirty-three cents."

He smiled.

"I suppose that seems large to you," he said; "but I assure you it isn't. Why, some women spend twenty-five and thirty thousand a year here alone on their clothes. Miss Trayne's account is a good one, of course, but nothing extraordinary."

"Where does her bill go?" asked Stiles.

"To her father."

"She doesn't know anything about it, I suppose."

"Dear me, no. He sends us a check twice a year."

They thanked him, promised secrecy, and went out to dinner together. Stiles was beginning to think.

"I am very glad you told me about this," he said. "Why, that girl is spending on her clothes almost twice as much as I make."

"And the worst of it is," said Caperton, "is that she doesn't know it; of course, it's none of my business, and I know she is a fine girl."

"She isn't to blame."

(Continued on page 399)



Why She Chose Him

She chose him out of all the crowd
Of men that came and went;
His voice was low, his tie was loud,
But she was well content.

The first man's education was
Perhaps more finished—and
Another's manners gave her cause
As being much more grand.

Another's garments fitted him;
Another's hair was curly;
Another's name was "Arthur"—Jim
Was chosen by this girlie.

And not for wealth and not for love
Was Jim by Mabel chosed—
But that he was the one man of
The whole lot that proposed!
—*Boston Traveler.*



"GOSH! THAT'S A HUM-BUG ALL
RIGHT."

A Boomerang

Dr. James T. Docking, the president of Rust University, once discussed, in a Fourth of July address at Holly Springs, Miss., the treason of Benedict Arnold.

"Arnold's fault," he said, "was as plainly brought home to him as the fault of Fenimore Cooper's friend.

"Fenimore Cooper gave a friend a copy of his last work, inscribing on the fly-leaf the words:

"To John Blank, with the author's affection and esteem."

"A few months later Cooper came upon this same book at a second-hand dealer's. He bought it and sent it back to his friend again, with a second inscription:

"This volume, purchased at a second-hand shop, is re-presented to John Blank with renewed affection and reiterated expressions of esteem."—*Wasp.*

Cash Transference

"How are you getting along in the law business, old man?"

"I have one client."

"Is he rich?"

"He was."—*Boston Transcript.*

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THIS IS THE WAY TO SHAVE

This is the one safe razor that really shaves—that cuts off your beard instead of scraping it off. This is the one real razor with a guarded blade.

The Durham-Duplex is a razor, first of all. It has the hang and the set of blade and the real shaving principle of the straight razor without its dangerous, naked blade.

Now, we're not knocking any razor—we're simply stating facts. You can't mow grass with a hoe. And you can't shave whiskers right with anything but the real, sliding stroke principle that's as old as the scythe and the scimitar.

DURHAM - DUPLEX

the "Safe" Razor

shaves with this correct diagonal stroke. Does it safely. Does it quickly. Cuts them off clean and smooth, leaving your skin like velvet instead of harsh and rough as after it has been scraped.

The Durham-Duplex feels just like the old straight razor in the hand. You use it the same way. Only you can use both edges, shaving either way, using the sliding stroke without danger of cutting your face.

This double edge is a very strong feature. You can shave up or down, either side, without necessity of holding the razor in an unnatural or awkward position. Every way you hold the Durham-Duplex is easy and natural. You have two sharp cutting edges to your razor. If one becomes slightly dulled, use the other.

DURHAM - DUPLEX

Blades hold their edge

You won't have "blade trouble" with a Durham-Duplex Razor. Every blade is a fine blade. All blades are made from special steel, tempered by secret process, ground and honed by the hand principle. Every blade is inspected and must come up to an exceptionally high standard.

You can stop

DURHAM - DUPLEX

 Durham Blades

Put on the stropping attachment that comes with every set and stop 'em just like a regular razor. These blades are stiff—they won't crack or split. They take and hold a fine cutting edge through long usage. You can stop a half dozen at a time and have a supply of sharp blades for months. We have made the Durham-Duplex Blade the Standard of the World, and will maintain it. 12 Cutting Edges (6 blades) 50c.

The Durham-Duplex Razor is easiest to handle, clean and stop. Standard Set—Razor, Stropping Attachment and Six Double-edged Blades—in handsome leather case, \$5.00. Traveler's Kit in Pigskin Roll, \$5.00. Hold-All Outfit, including full razor set, silver-plated soap box with shaving stick and fine brush with collapsible handle, all in compact Pigskin Case, \$8.00.

New York **DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.** London



Increased Efficiency

We've got the new Lost Motion craze;
increased efficiency
Is now the watchword here at home, and
all of us agree
It strikes the root of household care;
you'd not believe the cost
Of wasted effort in the home or how
much can be lost.
The breakfast wrapper Mother wore is
in the discard now,
The old-time wrinkles do not mar the
smoothness of her brow;
By making every motion count, effi-
ciency's real test,
She breakfasts now in full coiffure and
quite completely dressed.
Then Father comes down neatly shaved,
with no scars on his face—
A cut is a lost motion, quite, and that
would be disgrace;
Where once he used to run like mad to
catch the car to town
He now has quite the half an hour to
rest and sit him down.
The lawn needs cutting—presto, look!
No fairer work you'll see,
He cuts it while he reads a book—in-
creased efficiency;
And while he mows, with motions lost
in other days he turns
Out half a cord of kitchen wood, makes
the ice cream, and churns.
The maid is quite another girl. You'd
scarce think the amount
Of work she does by learning how to
make each motion count.

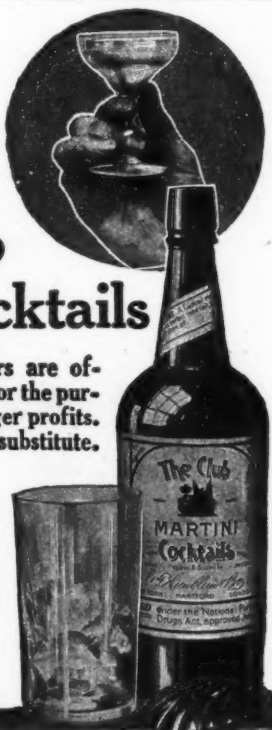
Simply strain
through
cracked
ice, and
serve.

Club Cocktails

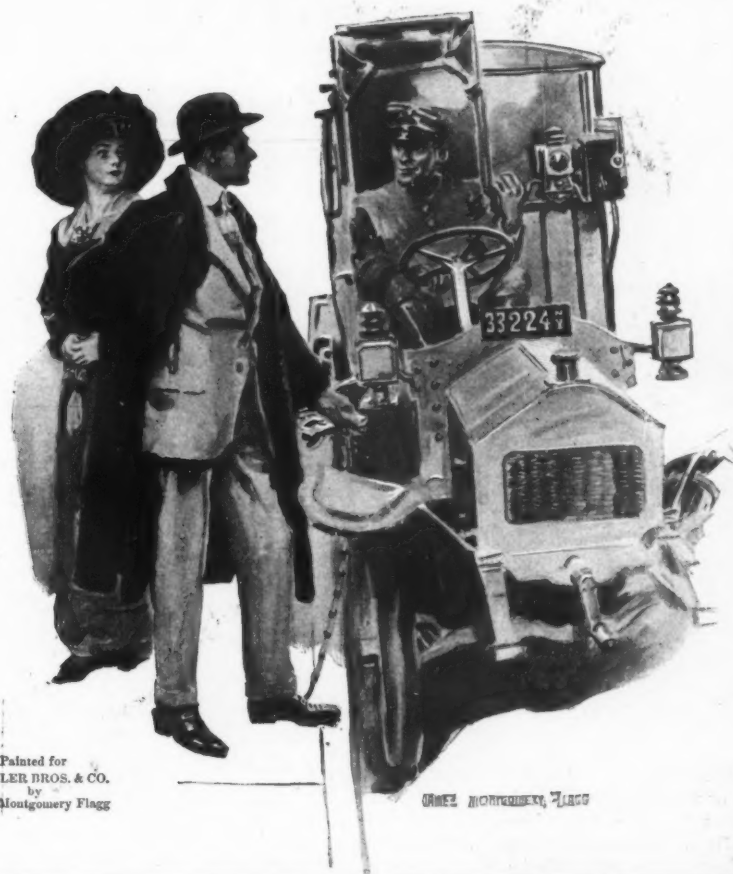
When others are of-
fered, it's for the pur-
pose of larger profits.
Accept no substitute.

Martini (gin
base) and
Manhattan
(whiskey base)
are the most
popular. At
all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN
& BRO.
Sole Props.
Hartford
New York
London



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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to
Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted
and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.



Painted for
L. ADLER BROS. & CO.
by
James Montgomery Flagg

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A Well Dressed Man is One Who Knows

Among alert Americans guesswork has no place. That's why the Book
of Men's Fashions is printed—because *certainty of style* is demanded
by the best dressed men today.

A mere post-card brings you this book. Five minutes' reading and you
will share the knowledge of these men. And you will have learned, as
they have, the wisdom of wearing

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

Now nearly half a century old is the Adler-Rochester reputation
for absolutely the highest quality in clothes, a reputation that is
reflected in the Adler-Rochester plant—famous as *the finest tailor-
ing institution in the world.*

The address of the merchant near you who handles Adler-Rochester
clothes accompanies the Book of Men's Fashions. Ask for Edition J.

L. ADLER BROS. & CO.—ROCHESTER N.Y.

By breakfast time this morning she had
mopped down all the walls,
Done the week's wash, made a new
dress and half a dozen calls.
By nine o'clock the whole day's work
was finished—she was through
And might have sat the livelong day
with nothing else to do,
But much preferred to paint the house,
dig a new well and build
A new garage so that her day might
seem to be well filled.
Come, laden souls and care oppressed,
whose work is never done,

Learn how the day's hard work is o'er
before it has begun.
See Father, gone to town at six; see
Mother, off in haste
To speak to the Lost Motion Club on
"Friction and Its Waste."
Learn how to knead the bread and
churn and scrub the kitchen floor
By saving half the motion that you used
to lose before;
Come, join the onward march of Toil,
from slavish tasks set free,
Form a Lost Motion Club and teach In-
creased Efficiency.

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.



PARIS GARTERS

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

Are the universal *first choice*. They are the handsomest and most durable Garters made and afford the maximum of comfort. There's a printed guarantee of satisfaction with every pair. Look for the name **PARIS** on every garter.

A. STEIN & CO. Makers
CHICAGO U. S. A.



25c
and
50c

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Too Many Trumps

"I have seen some very remarkable whist hands," said one of the bridge fiends in a downtown club on Saturday. "But once, about four years ago, I saw one man hold all thirteen trumps."

"Why, that's not so extraordinary," two or three players broke in all at once, "that's happened lots of—"

"Hold on till I'm through. What made this hand remarkable is that the man who held it only took one trick."

"Nonsense! What are you—"

"It's a fact. When he trumped his partner's ace first time round his partner got up and threw him out of the window."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

His Mother-in-Law Threatened

The Black Hand society wrote a man a letter demanding that he put one thousand dollars in a barrel on the corner of X and Z streets at nine o'clock on Friday night, or they would blow up the beautiful home of his wife's mother.

Instead of the money the man put a note in the barrel: "Nothing doing in the money line, but the proposition you suggest interests me."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

An Exaggerated Report

EDITOR: You say here in your report that Mr. Jones has "taken a partner for life."

REPORTER: Well, I suppose the expression is a trifle bromidic.

EDITOR: It isn't its bromidic quality I was thinking of; but don't you know our policy is never to be extravagant or dogmatic in our statements?

—*Boston Transcript*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

160 Pictures for 25 Cents

Comp. T. Life Pub. Co.



A MISS IS WORTH A MILE

Make Your Home More Attractive

Send twenty-five cents for LIFE'S handsome 130-page catalogue showing miniature reproductions of pictures for framing, ranging in price from twenty-five cents up to \$2.00. If, upon examination, you think the catalogue is not worth price, we will return the money. Send in stamps or cash to

Life,

22 West 31st St. New York

Checkmate!

In these days, when various schemes are being suggested by which the loser of personal property may recover it without offering an extreme reward, it is interesting to note two advertisements which appeared in a German paper. In these advertisements nothing so bald as a suggestion of reward appears. They seem merely to present two wits fencing, and the reader forgets the matter at stake:

"BERLIN, August 5.—The gentleman who found a purse, valuable beyond explanation, in the Blumenstrasse, is requested graciously to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

"BERLIN, August 6.—The recognized gentleman who found a purse, valuable beyond explanation, begs that the loser will call at his house at the earliest convenient hour."—*Youths' Companion*.

A Vital Spot

Senator Robert L. (Fiddling Bob) Taylor tells about a man in the backwoods of Tennessee who applied for a pension for a gunshot wound. An examining surgeon of the medical board stripped and examined him, ejaculating finally:

"Old man, we cannot find a single blemish on your hide. Where were you shot during the war?"

The old man said, "Well, gentlemen, I was shot in the substitute."

—*Leslie's Weekly*.

So Frank

He (*wondering if his rival has been accepted*): Are both your rings heirlooms?

SHE (*concealing the hand*): Oh, dear, yes. One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer—(blushing)—it only dates from the conquest.—*Tit-Bits*.

Caroni Bitters—Unequalled for flavoring sliced Fruits, Ices, and Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.



50 YEARS OF
UNPRECEDENTED POPULARITY IS THE
INVINCIBLE RECORD OF
HUNTER WHISKEY



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

No Doubt About It

After the death of Andrew Jackson the following conversation is said to have occurred between an Anti-Jackson broker and a Democratic merchant:

MERCHANT (with a sigh): "Well, the old General is dead."

BROKER (with a shrug): "Yes, he's gone at last."

MERCHANT (not appreciating the shrug): "Well, sir, he was a good man."

BROKER (with shrug more pronounced): "I don't know about that."

MERCHANT (energetically): "He was a good man, sir. If any man has gone to heaven, General Jackson has gone to heaven."

BROKER (doggedly): "I don't know about that."

MERCHANT: "Well, sir, I tell you that if Andrew Jackson had made up his mind to go to heaven, you may depend upon it he's there."

Proving a Claim

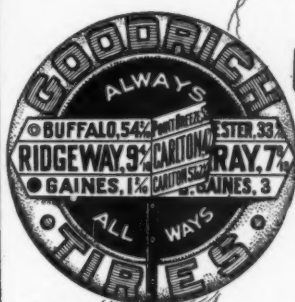
"Very suspicious man, they say."

"Very. Bought a dictionary last week, and now he's counting the words to see if it contains as many as the publishers claim."

—San Francisco Chronicle

"I wish I knew some way to make religion more attractive to the masses."

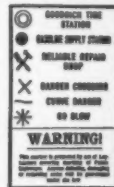
"Why not have a description of heaven written by one of these men who write descriptions of summer resorts for the railroads?"—Houston Post



The Last Word in GOODRICH SERVICE to the Tourist:— "GOODRICH ROAD MARKERS"

Goodrich service to the public begins, of course, with Goodrich Tires—their quality, their reliability. That service is extended by a system of tire distribution over every state and territory and in Europe. It has been further extended by a system of road marking so broad and thorough in its scope that nothing like it has ever been attempted except in certain districts of France.

The Goodrich Road Marker is a handsome, permanent sign, including a heavy post of creosoted timber, anchored in the ground, bearing a metal disc which gives accurate road distances and directions, together with other information of great value to the tourist; such as the location of gasoline, tire and repair stations; dangerous crossings, grades, etc.



Key to the Disc Symbol Attached to the Post

These markers have been erected by expert Goodrich crews, over the best touring section of New England; all the way from Cleveland to Buffalo; to Albany and New York City; New York to Philadelphia to Atlantic City, and back to New York by way of Lakewood; throughout Long Island, New Jersey and the Connecticut River Valley; also in Southern California, as far south as the Mexican border. The work has been planned to include all the main transcontinental touring routes, as well as all roads connecting principal cities and towns everywhere. It is going on now and will continue until every tourable highway in the country has been covered by our crews.

Route Books, containing accurate maps, have been prepared covering several important touring sections. Other books are now in preparation. Free on Request.

We are trying to make our Road Markers and Route Book service equal in quality and permanence to "the tires that are

"Best in the Long Run"

The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

Branches in all
Principal Cities

Largest in the World

Wholesale Tire
Depots Everywhere

CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR

Made by The American Sugar Refining

SOLD BY GROCERS—2^{lb} and 5^{lb} Boxes!

Tact, the Essential Thing

"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on vacation."

"But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the lady patients off to Europe."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An economist is usually a man who can save money by cutting down some other person's expenses.

—Washington Star.

Life's Family Album



Ralph Bergengren

ONE of the things that has suddenly struck us, as we write this, is that the brightest paper in the United States (dear, dear, this sounds like an advertisement), we mean one of the most (but we leave this to our readers to fill in) papers in the United States,

has so few contributors who live in Boston.

There is Mr. Crosby, who admits that he lives there. And here is Mr. Bergengren, who speaks of it nonchalantly, as if it were a matter of course.

But this is not all. Mr. Bergengren is also on the *Boston Transcript*. We never expected to have the honor of possessing a contributor who also wrote for the *Boston Transcript*. But then, Mr. Bergengren is a genuine humorist, as those who read him know.

We did not dare go to the *Transcript* office, and instead of this we made an appointment to meet him on Boston Common.

"You were born in Boston, Mr. Bergengren?"

"No; in Gloucester, March 2, 1871."

"And your education, aside from living in Boston?"

"Harvard—and Boston since 1897."

"Were you always literary?"

"Oh, no. I once edited a college paper."

"And since contributing for *LIFE*, have you any other activities?"

"A few minor affairs. I am a cartoonist, a dramatic critic, an art critic, a short-story writer, an editorial writer and advertisement writer, and also have something to say about music, finance and politics."

Bailey of Texas

It is reported that Senator Bailey is losing his following. The surprising thing in this connection is that Bailey ever had a following.—*Daily Paper*.

BUT Bailey has excellent brains of a certain sort, and brains are scarce. He is an able and well-instructed lawyer, and ability and equipment are scarce. He can talk and talk with power, on his feet, and that accomplishment in the degree in which he has it is rare. Bailey is remarkable. It is not surprising that he has had a following. The wonder is that with his notable qualifications he should not have been able to keep it.

The trouble seems to be that he has no driving inspirations inside of him. He has seen no vision. His value in politics is critical. He can see faults and often sees them true and fights them, but there is no constructive statesmanship in him that looks valuable to these times. His machinery is made of good parts, but it isn't assembled right. It seems to be with Bailey as William Archer says it was with Diaz: "He had all the makings of a great man—except greatness."

Bailey is not great, but he might be if only a sufficiently penetrating breeze of consecration should blow through him. He has in him much of the machinery of a great man, but it is clogged by too much Bailey.

A Card of Thanks

TO the Workers of America, Greeting:

We, the duly appointed representatives of the better classes, desire publicly to express our heartfelt thanks to the working men and women of America for a most delightful summer.

Your great industry, coupled with your heroic self-denial and philanthropic spirit, has provided us with an immense fresh-air fund by which we have been enabled to see the Coronation, the Continent, Monte Carlo and other restful spots abroad, to say nothing of the many attractive resorts upon our own shores.

We are now returning, buoyed in health and spirit, ready to settle down to hard work. We propose to show that we can merit your continued generous contributions of rent, interest and dividends. For full particulars of our work along this line, we refer you to the society columns of the newspapers during the fall and winter. With renewed thanks and sympathetic regards,

Yours affectionately,

SPENDERBY CASSHE,

CONSTANT LE LUSHING,

Committee.



NO HUMBUG

Enforcement of Laws

MR. GEORGE W. PERKINS has brought us a little nearer to the extrication point by a generous statement which he made in the steel inquiry. He said:

I do not think it is possible for corporations in this country to properly handle their labor questions and maintain our commercial supremacy under a literal enforcement of the Sherman laws.

We consider this quite a concession to the much-mooted Sherman law, or laws, if there are more than one. It is plain that Mr. Perkins, while finding a literal enforcement non-assimilable, would not object to a figurative enforcement. Perhaps, indeed, in the bright lexicon of the magnates, literal is but a synonym of unreasonable and figurative is but a synonym of reasonable.

For that matter, is it necessary to enforce any laws literally? If we could agree among ourselves to answer this query in the negative, all the difficulties of Congress would vanish into thin air.

And while we were at it, we might keep on and apply the same principle to the moral law. Could we maintain our commercial supremacy under a literal enforcement of the decalog?



Happiness rather than wealth, refinement rather than display, characterize the homes where

Belle Mead Sweets

Chocolates and Bon Bons are found. Their delicate flavor and remarkable purity appeal to the exclusive taste. Pure cream centers made without glucose and flavored with fresh fruit or delicious nut kernels with a covering of the best of chocolate. Made in the *Cleanest Candy Kitchen in the World.*

Sold only in sealed boxes at the better drug stores.

Belle Mead Sweets
81 West End Ave. - Trenton, N. J.

Why Not?

(Continued from page 393)

"Nobody is to blame. Only you ought to know the situation before you go into a thing like that. I have seen a great many of my married friends made unhappy by ignorance of facts."

"Exactly. Well, we'll see what we can do."

The next morning Stiles called to see Mr. Trayne, Josephine's father. He wasted no time.

"How much does Josephine spend on her clothes in a year?" he asked.

"How do I know. It's probably enough."

"You know my income?"

"You told me."

"Well, isn't she spending more on her clothes than I make?"

"I presume so. She isn't marrying you for your money. We all know that."

"I've told her that she would have to live within our income," replied Stiles, warmly, "and she says that she is perfectly willing; but now that I think it over I don't believe she understands."

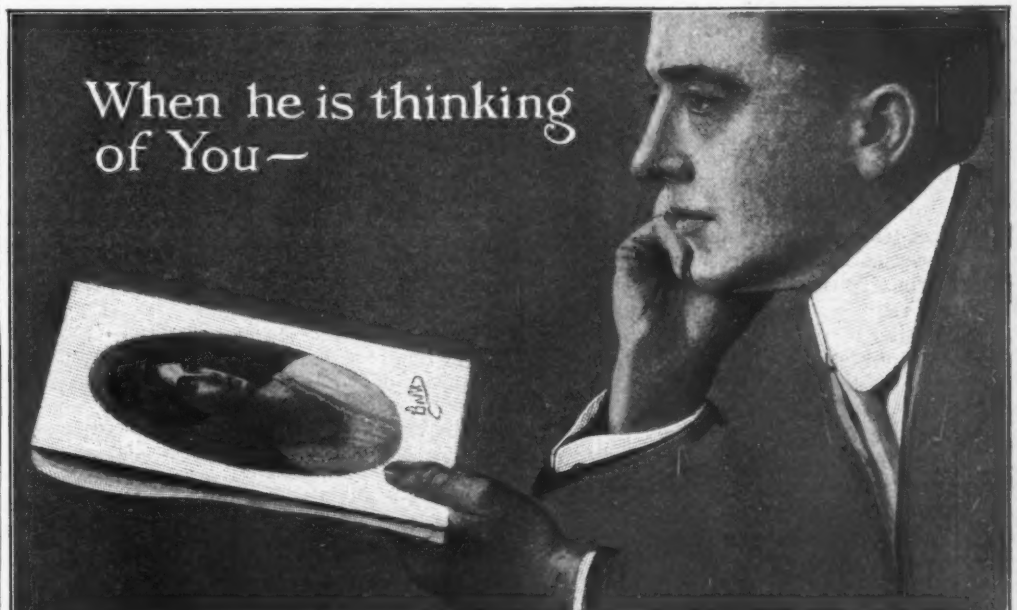
"Well what of it? You don't expect a young girl like that to understand figures, do you?"

Stiles was beginning to lose patience. The whole situation had suddenly come over him almost in the nature of a sensation.

"Possibly you don't understand Mr. Trayne," he said. "I am going to marry a lovely girl, who has never had the slightest thing to do with practical management of affairs. Now, my income is only about one-half, say, of what she spends on her clothes. I tell her that she will have to live on what I am making, and she laughs and says of course, she will be delighted. She hasn't the remotest conception of what this means. I thereupon come to you,

and you laugh lightly and say that it doesn't matter; that she is not marrying me for my money; in other words, you expect to support us, don't you?"

"That's absurd. Josephine has always had what she wanted. I think I have experience enough to size people up; I like you and I was glad that she selected you for a husband. The fact that you have a small income is of no consequence. Let Josephine try the experiment of living within your means;



When he is thinking of You—

HOW does he picture you in his mind? Does he see a face of youthful charm with the fine glow and velvety softness that men so delight to behold in women, or have lines of worry begun to spread over your features and the years begun to leave their telling marks? And how do you picture him?

Oh, that more *women* might come to know the beauty, and *men* the pleasing appearance that could be theirs through the kindly help of

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

And when time has sped and wedding anniversaries come, neither husband nor wife will have to sigh in despair when thinking of the other. For the beauty and charm that held him or her in youth will not have fled, but will still be the possession of each.

Pompeian will do for you what it has done for millions—give you a clear, clean, healthy, youthful skin. It works into the pores and works out. Nothing is left on the face. Pompeian is not a "cold"

or "grease" cream, is not a rouge or cosmetic, and positively can not grow hair on the face. Pompeian simply affords a natural means toward complete cleanliness of the facial pores. And in pores which are "Pompeian clean" lies skin health. For a clear, fresh, youthful complexion, use Pompeian.

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

Out along this line, all in and mail today.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 25 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing, for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



All dealers
50c, 75c and \$1

Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing.

For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.



The ambition of every tire maker in the world is to some day make a non-skid tire as good and as popular as the famous

NOBBY TREAD

Never before in the history of motoring has any type of tire achieved such success. Everywhere, from coast to coast, Nobby Treads are replacing every other form of non-skid tire or non-skid device in every possible kind of service. And it is because the big, thick, diagonally-placed knobs grip any kind of road, no matter how slippery, and *do absolutely prevent skidding or drive-slipping.*

Nobby Treads are sold wherever

UNITED STATES TIRES

Continental Ha Ford
G & J Morgan & Wright
are sold. Four-fifths of the best dealers thruout the country sell them.

United States Tire Company
Broadway at 58th St.
New York
Branches, Agencies or Dealers
Everywhere

for two people to live upon. It isn't that I don't care for money, but I don't care to be 'helped,' as you put it, when I can easily take care of Josephine myself. The thing that troubles me is that she doesn't understand; she has been used to spending about ten thousand a year on her clothes, and she will have to cut it down to one thousand."

"But I've told you that she wouldn't."
"She will if she marries me, because I won't permit her to accept a cent from you."

"Why not?"
"Because, as I have explained, it isn't necessary. I am not finicky about those things. If I lost my job, or was unable to support her, I shouldn't hesitate to call on you, but as long as I am able to give her a decent home, I can't let her take any superfluous help."

Mr. Trayne turned sharply around in his seat.

"Then you'd better not marry her," he said, shortly. "You wouldn't be happy, either of you."

"That's just the conclusion I have come to."

Stiles telephoned to Josephine, and half an hour later was arguing the question with her.

"You see, Josy," he said, "the way it is we couldn't possibly marry on my income—why you must be spending—from what your father tells me—almost if not quite twice as much on your clothes alone as I make in a year."

"But I have told you that I would cut down. I can be awfully economical it I try."

"Could you live on one-tenth of what you have been getting?"

"What nonsense you are talking? You don't have to pay Pinkmarsh's bill right away—papa never does—and by the time it comes due you may be making ever so much more; besides they don't care about the money—I have often heard papa say so"

"You don't understand at all. You have always had these things, and they are second nature to you; you meet me, and I am somewhat different from the rest, and we fall in love with each other without considering the practical details; but my dearest girl, when we got married, it would be the same old story; you couldn't do it—it would be impossible to ask you; to be deprived of all

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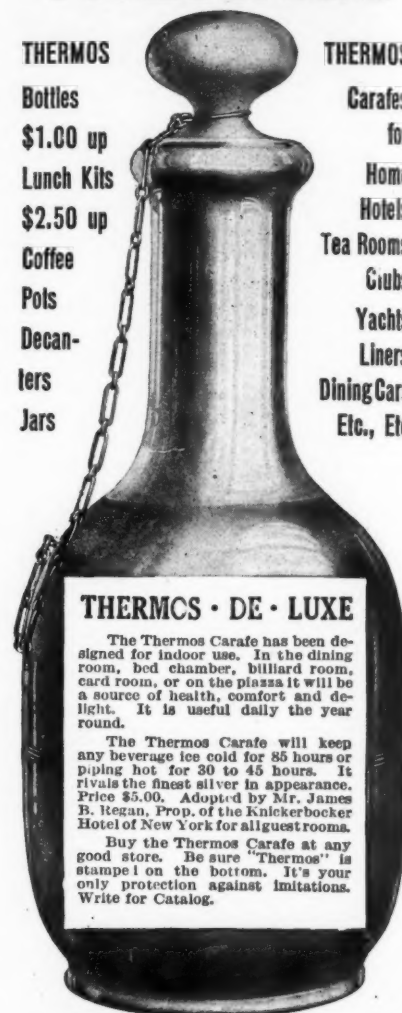
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when she gets tired of it why we'll fix her up—that's simple, isn't it?"

The calm, business-like manner in which Mr. Trayne had evidently disposed of the whole affair staggered Stiles.

"Do you mean to say," he stammered, "that you've talked this over, and that you expect to 'help' Josephine out if necessary? Well, you haven't counted on me! I am making a good income so far as I am concerned, and at any rate I am making ample enough

I. W. HARPER

Whiskey

"THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED"
STILL THE "BEST"

Leading Dealers Everywhere

the things you have been used to would be like taking a goldfish out of the water and expecting him to be happy in a bureau drawer."

"But, papa—"

"If papa helped you out, it would be the same; I never could stand it, simply for the reason that it would be unnecessary to me; I couldn't get used to that sort of thing any more than you could to my income. It can't be, Josephine. It's terrible, but absolutely impossible for us to marry."

"What does papa say?"

"It was he who said it."

It was eighteen months later. Stiles sat in the window of his club one day, as a huge automobile went slowly by down the avenue. A friend, standing near him, said:

"Who are those people?"

"A Mr. and Mrs. Caperton."

"Wasn't she a Miss Trayne?"

"Yes."

"And didn't he fall into a fat thing?"

And Stiles replied:

"Well, I suppose that's the way you look at it. I understand he has an income of about four thousand dollars a year."

Dignity

Dignity does not draw. It answers in place of intellectual tone for twenty minutes, but after a while it fails to get there. Dignity works all right in a wooden Indian or a drum major, but the man who desires to draw a salary through life and to be sure of a visible means of support, will do well to make some other provision than a haughty look and the air of patronage.



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"A Wise Guy"

In a New York street a wagon loaded with lamps collided with a truck and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver as he gazed ruefully at the shattered fragments. A benevolent-looking old gentleman eyed him compassionately.

"My poor man," he said, "I suppose you will have to make good this loss out of your own pocket?"

"Yep," was the melancholy reply.

"Well, well," said the philanthropic old gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you; and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand, too."

The driver held out his hat and several persons hastened to drop coins into it. "At last," when the contributions had ceased, he emptied the contents of his hat into his pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, he observed: "Say, maybe he ain't the wise guy! That's me boss!"

*The Artist is
the Critic*



¶ The fashionable woman knows that her figure is made by the corset. She may have beautiful lines from the artist's point of view, but she knows that her form must be modelled by the corset into the contour which is the mode.

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BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

Sonnet to a Clam

Dum tacet clamant.

Inglorious friend! most confident I am,
Thy life is one of very little ease;
Albeit men mock thee with their similes
And prate of being "happy as a clam!"
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off—as foeman take their spoil—
Far from thy friends and family to roam;
Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home,
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
Declares, O clam, thy case is shocking hard!

John G. Saxe.

The Rabbit's Eye

It once happened that the king of the fishes got a sad wound in his nose through contact with a steel hook artfully covered by the body of a worm. His Majesty's physicians being unable to heal the wound, the councilors of the kingdom were called together for the purpose of debating on the subject. They talked a great deal for a long time without any of them reaching a single conclusion, or even making a single proposal, until at last the turtle, who had been thinking while the others were talking, addressed the council:

"In my belief there is only one cure for his Majesty's lacerated nose; it is a poultice made from the eye of a living rabbit. I know of one who lives on land, in a field near the shore." And as it would have been difficult for any one without legs to walk even a short distance on land, the turtle was asked whether he would not himself go up and interview the rabbit. To this he consented and forthwith paddled to the surface.

Sure enough, he found the rabbit where he expected to find him, sitting in clover. At once the turtle spoke to him in flattering terms, praising the length of his ears and so forth, finally inviting him to come down and visit him in the sea.

The rabbit was much pleased with such civility. But he recognized a serious objection, which he stated thus:

"I am very much obliged to you, but I don't know how to swim; besides, I am not sure whether the air would agree with me down under the water."

"Oh," replied the insinuating hard-shell, "you need have no fears as to that. It is ever so much fresher and cooler down where we live than in this hot, stuffy field. All you have to do is to put your front paws on my back and I will take you safely below without any exertion on your part."

Accordingly the deluded rabbit followed the instructions of the turtle, and soon found himself in the royal water-palace, where the council was awaiting his arrival. The rabbit was ushered to a seat of honor, surrounded by a guard, and then informed with what object he had been brought thither.

But, though the rabbit had been deceived, he was as quick with his mind as with his legs, and promptly made up an excuse:

"I have," said he, "two pairs of eyes—my own and one of glass. The glass pair I always use for traveling to save the others from the dust. I am wearing my glass eyes at present, and they would, of course, be no use to his Majesty. However, if the turtle will take me back he is welcome to one of the others, which I buried in the ground before coming away."

This offer was greeted with unanimous assent, and the turtle was ordered to carry the rabbit ashore, the others apologizing to their obliging visitor for giving him so much trouble. "Not at all! Don't mention it!" said the polite bunny, as he once more climbed on the turtle's back. And off they went.

The moment they touched the land, the rabbit hopped down, and said to the turtle, while he shook the water out of his ears:

"My friend, I will now leave you to dig for the other pair. The only eyes I ever had are at present in my head, and as I prefer to keep them, I wish you a very pleasant morning!"

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The Relative Importance of Individuals

Senator Ogle, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, had been deputed to compose an address to the newly elected President, Andrew Jackson. When the bluff old warrior submitted his document to the House, a fellow member, a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia, observed:

"Pardon me, General, I hesitate about making any suggestion to so distinguished an individual; but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary with cultured letter writers to write the first personal pronoun with a capital 'I' instead of a small 'i.'"

General Ogle returned a look of scorn. "Sir," said he, "when I write to so great a man as Gen. Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abase myself. I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put upon paper. But, sir, if ever I should have to write to a little snipe like you I would use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."

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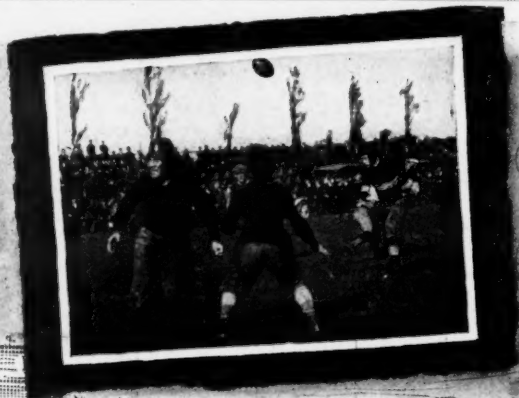
Inquest—Not Extraordinary

Great Bulwer's works fell on Miss Basbleu's head,
And, in a moment, lo! the maid was dead!

A jury sat and found the verdict plain—
She died of milk and water on the brain.

WHEN bishops were scarcer in the Church of England than they are now, they were high and mighty. Their clergy felt that they ought not to be in the same world with them, and some, to curry favor, adopted a falling-

down-deadness kind of manner. Sydney Smith said that when he sat beside a bishop at dinner he was so nervous that he crumbled bread with one hand, and that when he sat beside an archbishop he did so with both hands. And yet these lordly apostles, says the Rev. E. J. Hardy, could be won over by wit. One of them spoke of how humor should be defined, and a clergyman said: "If your lordship will give me the living of — it will be humorous." "How is that?" "It will be a good thing well applied," was the answer, and it got him the cure of souls.



WHEN the ball is snapped into play, twenty-two men leap into instant action. Certainly no ordinary camera lens could capture a picture of that sort. But look at the above photograph, taken with a

Bausch and Lomb Zeiss TESSAR LENS

Every detail is sharp, clear, perfect. Even the ball is arrested in its speedy flight by this still speedier lens. And the Tessar, with its wonderful light-gathering powers, has uniform, excellent definition. It is by far the best all-around lens ever produced—adaptable for all outdoor action pictures, landscapes, indoor portraits and so on. Our Booklet M gives prices and full information as to the best lens for your particular purpose. Sent on request.



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A Grand Stove

A Georgia woman who moved to Philadelphia found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and the other burners and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks, and one of her first questions to mammy—was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply. "And dat air gas stove—oh my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo'rence, dat fire ain't gon out yit."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

A Senator Grady Editorial

This editorial was suggested by Senator Grady's bill in the New York Legislature requiring all editorials to be signed by their writer.

It was first heard of in the celebrated Governor Pennypacker's attempt at censorship.

It was suggested to us by "Constant Reader."

It was first written by B. Jones, editorial writer.

It was mangled by X. Scott, editor-in-chief, and by him referred to the publisher.

It was ordered rewritten by the publisher.

It was debated in confidence by the entire staff.

It was ridiculed by the office boy.

It was again reshaped by B. Jones.

It met the approval of the editor and the publisher.

And was set on machine 26, printed on press 3 and proffered to the public.

It roused the ire of "Pro Bono Publico."

And pleased "Constant Reader."

And is now referred to Senator Grady.

—*Newark (N. J.) News.*

He Was Qualified

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug shop," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the shopman; "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—*Sketch.*

No Fish Story

"You'll be a man like one of us some day," said the patronizing sportsman to a lad who was throwing his line into the same stream.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I s'pose I will some day, but I b'lieve I'd rather stay small and ketch a few fish."

—*Tit-Bits.*

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A Little Too Much

Representative Underwood, of Alabama, has a story of a man in a town of that State who derived a considerable income from the rental of shanties to negroes. This man bore the reputation of being hard in his business dealings.

One day two negroes were talking of him, when one of them, with reference to the reported "conversion" of the subject of their conversation, asked:

"Do his gittin' religion make any difference to him?"

"Ya-as, indeed!" exclaimed the other colored man. "It do make a great difference. When he kick one o' dem colo'd men out now he tell him how much it grieve him to disturb him—an' he used to be rough in his manner."

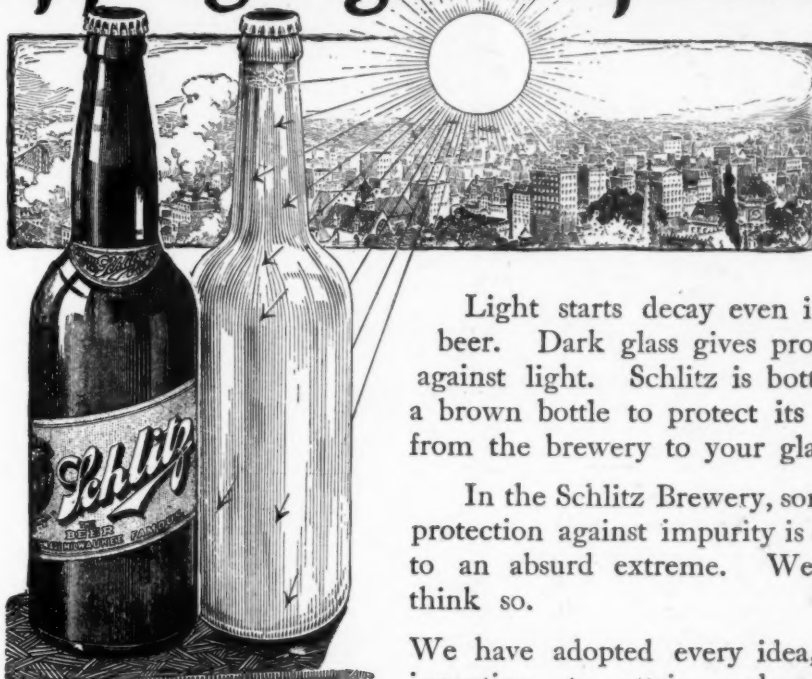
"But he kick dem out jest de same," observed the first.

"Ya-as, he kick dem out jest de same," agreed the second. "But, den," he added, "you kin skeersely expect a man to carry his religion so far as to interfere wid his business."

What It Means to Be Educated

Education is often a blessing in disguise, but we should not pry into things that the finite mind has no business with. How much was Galileo ahead in the long run for going out of his sphere? He was boycotted from morning till night and died poor. Look at Demosthenes. Look at Diogenes. They pried into science and both of them

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Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass gives protection against light. Schlitz is bottled in a brown bottle to protect its purity from the brewery to your glass.

In the Schlitz Brewery, some say, protection against impurity is carried to an absurd extreme. We don't think so.

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If you knew what we know about beer, you would say, "Schlitz—Schlitz in Brown Bottles."

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The Beer

That Made Milwaukee Famous

Order a case from your dealer today.

See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz."

T-M

Curiosity

"I was asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have a curiosity on the point myself."

were poor providers and have since died. Of course their names are frequently used in debating schools, and some claim that this is big pay for what they went through; but I say give me a high-stepping horse, the bright smile of dear ones who are not related to me in any way, the approval of the admiring throng, a large woolly dog that will do as I tell him, a modest little home and unlimited credit at the store, and I do not care how much B. will have to use off from the diameter of a given grindstone, for which he paid an undivided one-fifteenth.

Bill Nye.

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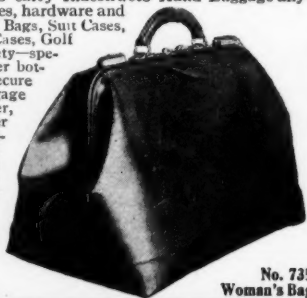
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you can always have full faith in certain service. The Indestructo Trunk this year is canvas covered—doubly reinforced corners—Government bronze finish. Only trunk on the market with *all* corners and edges *round*. Interior finish tan linen lining, full paneled with cedar. All raw edges finished with brass valance. Indestructo Trunks are sold north, east, south and west. *Remember the name and insist!*

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No. 735
Woman's Bag

Yes, Yes

Speaking of the archaeological discoveries in various parts of the world, a writer in *Argonaut* says:

We want to know the relation that these various discoveries bear to one another and whether it is not now possible to construct some sort of a history of "pre-historic" humanity, a history that will not be based on the placid assumption that the present age is the crown and the coping-stone of human achievement.

Amen! Humanity as a whole is not yet ready for a crown. Even in well-matured England there is only one man who is considered worthy of that great honor. We are loath to relinquish the idea of a future millennium. A good motto for a millennium would be: "Please pass the crowns."

The Trouble with 'Rastus

"Hello, is dis central? Gimme number fibe 'leven, please. . . . Is dat you, Doctor Smif? . . . Yessuh, dis is Missus 'Rastus Johnsing, down Mulberry Avenue. . . . Yessuh. Something's done happened to 'Rastus."

"I doan know what made it, nosuh. He's turrrible sick, ever sence we come from de Park dis afternoon. He 's sure bad."

"Nosuh, he did n't eat nuffin; jus' a lil bit o' chicking—free or foh pieces—an' part of a watermillion, an' two pieces of pie, an' some ice-cream. Nosuh, he did n't eat much."

"Nosuh, he did n't drink nuffin, either—jus' a tiny jigger whiskey, or mebbe two, an' two or free beers, an' some sodys."

"Yessuh, he has a little pain in his haid, where he bumped it. Why, when he fall off'n de Roller Coaster. He run his haid clear fru de do' of de ticket-place. He jus' break it all to smash."

"Nosuh, not his haid, de door. Dat did n't huht 'Rastus none; jes' shut up one eye. The watah done make dat feel better."

"Why, de watah when he fall out'n de shoot-de-shoot boat. He's sure awkward. It tuck 'em fifteen minutes to hook 'im out'n de watah. All de watah come out ob 'im, when dey roll 'im ovah de bar'l—only, dat made him bleed some mo'."

Persian Rug of the Sixteenth Century----

To settle an estate, there has come into our possession a genuine Sixteenth Century Ispahan Carpet. It is in good condition and there has been very little restoration attempted.

We will satisfy a purchaser of its genuineness by expert museum rather than commercial opinion. It is superior to a similar rug sold at the Marqua at Sale for \$15,000, being an earlier and finer piece. The size is 11 feet 4 inches by 5 feet 5 inches.

We will be pleased to discuss this rug with any individual or museum interested in the purchase of antique carpets. Continually in business since 1877.

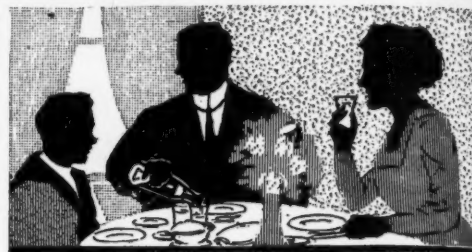
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LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO.
Nashua, N. H.

"Why, he bleed where dat trash Ab'um Lincum Jackson cahve 'im. Lan', I done forgot to tell yo' dat."

"No, nothin' bad—one lil cut 'cross his nose, an' one ear, an' nuther 'cross his chist. He done cahve him with a razzur, yessuh. 'Co'se, it bleed some. I has to give 'im some gin to keep 'im quiet. Not much; 'bout'n a pint. I has a pint more to give 'im. He sure is thirsty."

"All right, Doctor, thank. P'raps you'd better come. It mought git serious. Shall I gib 'im some mo' gin, or shall I wait till you come?"

—Lippincott's.

Rhymed Reviews

The Glory of Clementina

(By William J. Locke. John Lane Company)

Though Clementina all allowed
To be a painter past comparing,
Mere women called her "frump" and
"dowd";
Her clothes, they said, were past re-
pairing.

Her waists and skirts would not connect,
Her hair was snarled as Ancient
Error,
Her speech was rude and most direct,
In fact, she was a Holy Terror.

While Ephraim Quixtus, mild and kind,
Regarding men as friends and
brothers,
Was like, in body, soul and mind,
To Marcus, Septimus and others.

Misfortunes came; and Quixtus thought
His dearest friends had tricked or
failed him;
His gentle soul was overwrought;
A dismal mental freak assailed him.

Said he, "I'll turn to evil arts;
I'll do all things they say one
shouldn't;
I'll wreck men's lives and women's
hearts!"
(But when he tried, of course, he
couldn't.)

While thus pursuing Wickedness
With all the wit that Fate had spared
him,



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That dainty blonde adventuress,
The naughty Lena, half ensnared
him;

When Death o'ercame with mortal sting
A friend from far across the water
Who left to Clementina Wing
And Quixtus, too, his infant daughter.

They both adored their child-in-law
And rather liked each other, maybe;
But clearly Clementina saw
That Lena must not have that baby.

She now resolved to do and dare;
The path of Love was that of Duty;
She put on clothes, she fixed her hair
And proved a raving, tearing beauty!

Her world beheld, entranced, surprised,
A metamorphosed Clementina
Who soon had Quixtus hypnotized
And took him right away from Lena.

So when you read, as read you should,
This clever, entertaining story,
Not Art, you'll learn, but Womanhood
Was Clementina's Crowning Glory.
Arthur Guiterman.



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Stories from the Old French Chronicles, by Robert D. Benedict. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

The Price, a Play in Three Acts. (Printed by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Madonna and the Christ-Child, by Gertrude E. Heath. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

School Room Echoes, Book 2, by Mary C. Burke. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

A Wild Rose, by Clara Viola Fleharty. (R. G. Badger, Boston. \$1.25 net.)

Kennedy Square, by F. Hopkinson Smith. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Children of To-morrow, by Clara E. Laughlin. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.30.)

The Kitten's Garden of Verses, by Oliver Herford. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.)

Sons of Courage and Other Poems, by Bertha F. Gordon. (Baker & Taylor Company.)

The Secret Garden, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.35.)

Her Little Young Ladyship, by Myra Kelly. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Books Received

The Playboy of the Western World, by J. M. Synge. (John W. Luce & Co., Boston, Mass.)

Poems, by C. E. d'Arno. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

In Sonnet Wise, by Fred Raphael Allen. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

St. Paul's Friendships and His Friends, by Carl Hermon Dudley. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Osiris, by Joseph J. Coughlin. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Egyptian Melodies, by Alfred J. Hough. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

A Rape of Hallowe'en, by Henry Percival Spencer. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

The Ride of the Abernathy Boys, by Miles Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.)

The Reappearing, by Charles Morice. (George H. Doran Company. \$1.20 net.)

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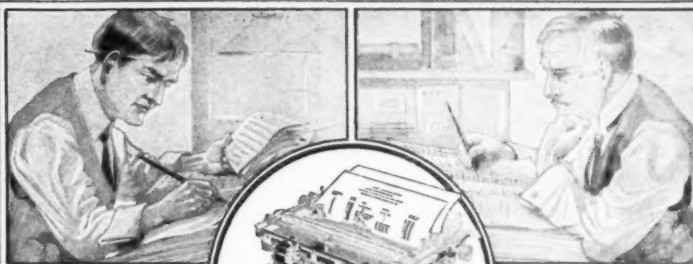
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